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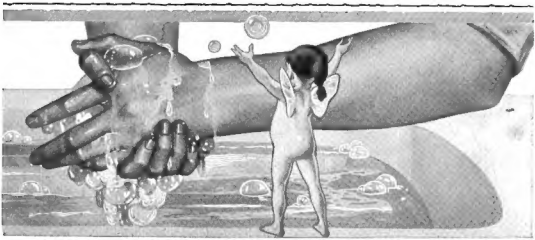

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The

RED CROSS MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of the American National Red Cross
Published at Garden City, N. Y.

VOL. XIV **January, 1919** No. 1

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I Am the Red Cross

I AM the Red Cross. I was born of the hearts of men. I am sustained by thirty million souls. My mission is of mercy, kindness, and charity. I am my brother's keeper. I know neither color, race, nor religion. My creed is the creed of service. My goal is the goal of a higher humanity. My record is the gratitude of the widow and the orphan, of the strong and the sick, of the happy and the bereaved.

I go forth into the darkness of the night, into the uncertainties of the day. I defy the peril of shell and bullet. I lighten the horrors of the battle. I encourage and inspire the soldier. I give him a thousand comforts. I minister to those he has left at home. I claim the wounded from the battlefield. I bind their wounds and ease their sufferings. I mark the graves of the dead.

I go into hospital and home and hovel. I scorn contagion. I am the guardian of infant life, the apostle of health and cleanliness, and the conserver of old age. I visit the sick. I help the lame. I cheer the sorrowful. I lead the blind into paths of light. I teach the crippled new ways of life.

I am the foe of plagues and pestilences. I mitigate the horrors of floods and fires and wrecks. I am the arch-enemy of calamities. I triumph over poverty, want, and woe. I house the homeless, feed the hungry, and clothe the naked. I protect the widow and the orphan.

I am the friend and helper of all nations. My hand and heart encompass the globe. My legionaries I send to the uttermost parts of the earth—across the threatened ocean, through war-swept territories, over infested lands. My sympathy and succor are boundless. My purse is great enough for all. A dozen nations return me homage, a dozen potentates pay me tribute. The races of the earth support me with their prayers.

My emblem is the cross, symbol of supreme charity and of the Saviour of men. Behind me march thirty million soldiers, with hearts for any fate. I challenge and triumph over death. My strength and struggles are for the living, my prayers and compassion for the dead.

I am the saviour of life, the assuager of death. I am my brother's keeper.

I am the Red Cross!

Written by CAPTAIN JAMES A. MILLS
Decoration by F. LUIS MORA

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THE SOWER

A pictorial tribute to the tireless women of France. This is one of a notable portfolio of drawings, entitled "The Soul of France," by Lucien Jonas, all remarkable in sentiment and in beauty

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

VOLUME XIV *January, 1919* NUMBER 1

America Must "Carry On"

THE tumult and the shouting dies." After war's fever and fury, its countless wounds and pitiable roll of death, come the fence and maneuvre of negotiation. At last armies dissolve. To the fighting man, worn with conflict, this is the end of war; to the forces of world business, mustering in their eager and ordered formations, it is "peace."

The soldier's hour is over. His function was to destroy life and the means of life in order that the ways of the world might be free. The mission of the Red Cross is to gather up and rebuild the world's wreckage, to heal the wounds that war has made, to set the crippled and hurt and helpless again upon the path of peaceful and normal life. In the track of this war the task of reconstruction is greater than has ever been. Vast as was the issue, so vast has been the measure of destruction, and far greater the volume of suffering that remains behind.

Boundaries are changing, old tyrannous forms of government are disappearing. In the throes of the great change, in the haste toward the new vantage ground, suffering humanity becomes the impedimenta of the forward march. Governments concerned with the labor of reëstablishment cannot minister to sorrow, nor bind the wounds of nations or of men.

But the Red Cross, and through it the American people, in darker hours made a solemn pledge. For them the war is not ended so long as an American soldier is on foreign soil, so long as red-handed disorder runs riot in the cities of Russia or the wretched victims of German and Moslem cruelty starve and die in the ruined villages of the Balkans or along the lonely highways of the great East.

The duty of the American people is plain. We hold in our hands the master key to the world's final regeneration. When the conquest of force is ended comes the new and greater struggle against sickness and hunger and cold. There are peoples emerging from chaos, dragging themselves out, decimated in numbers, broken in strength, stripped of every possession, but new-born in freedom or groping back to it, as part of the war's wondrous change, after centuries of bondage. These peoples are not beggars. They are to the last degree frugal and industrious. Their lands are fertile and have in them large possibilities of production and development. What they require from us is food, clothing, medical and surgical assistance, to give them strength for labor.

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America, leader of the world's democracy, champion of small nations, must see them through the bitter period of reconstruction, uphold their hands. Through the long, cruel months of the winter that is now here, it must keep warmth in their bodies, it must keep alive in their hearts the spark of hope and courage, which means renewed national life, contributive sources of productive energy, strong allies in the world's peace and harmony, which are best born of mutual understanding and esteem.

We have gone far. If it was the added weight of our armies that turned the balances of war, it was equally the earnest labor of the Red Cross that spurred the flagging spirit of the Allied peoples, renewed their faith in the future, and stiffened their will to win. By the greatness of its humanity as well as by the swiftness and strength of its armies, we have become idealized in the heart and mind of Europe. From this eminence we must never fall. Compared with the appalling losses of our allies, our sacrifice is small. If our devotion through the weary time of preparation, through the tense months of conflict, was earnest of our purpose and our hope, what remains to do is to give, through unabated effort, the final proof of thankfulness and bigness of soul.

Through sacrifice we have come into a new light. Let it not fade upon repudiation of our pledge. We have put on the garment of truth and taken the vow of human brotherhood. Let us not exchange them for the motley of selfishness or the rags of a broken faith.

Every member of the Red Cross, every contributor to its work in whatever capacity, must renew the pledge of help, must reënlist in the great service. Out of the plenty which is our portion we must still give of our means and our toil to supply the world's appalling lack. The war will be finished when the great purpose for which it was fought has been attained in its fulness. Until then the Red Cross and the American people must "carry on" with all their strength, with faith and purpose unflagging and undimmed.

Out of the West

By Mary Putnam Hart

MOTHER, what means the khaki host
Which comes across the sea?"
"The khaki host means life and hope
And peace and liberty.
Come fast, come fast, O khaki lads,
Across the brave blue sea."

"Mother, what mean the laden ships
Which sail so steadily?"
"The laden ships mean wheat and bread
For starving you and me.
Sail on, sail on, O steady ships,
The children cry for thee."

"Mother, what mean the whirring birds
So noisy in the air?"
"The whirring birds are guarding us
From vultures hov'ring there.
Wheel on, wheel on, O guardian birds,
And save us from despair."

"Mother, what means the thunder cloud
With fearful lightnings riven?"
"The thunder cloud is nature's pall
Above a world unshriven.
Speak out, speak out, O thund'rous guns,
To judgment bar of heaven."

"Mother, what means the scarlet cross
Upon its field of white?"
"The scarlet cross is mercy's sign
Against a world of night.
Point up, point up, O scarlet cross,
To the Eternal Light."

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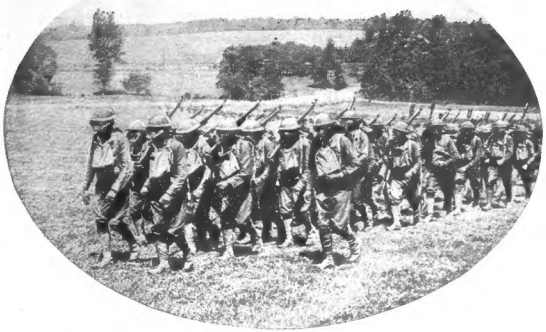

American soldiers at the battle of Château-Thierry. These men in gas masks are moving forward through a gas-filled area to take their places in the front line, where they utterly defeated and drove back the Germans

Chasing a Victorious Army

How the American Red Cross threw in the high-speed gear to keep up with our troops at Château-Thierry

By Melville Chater

"YOU came to the battlefield at the most crucial hour of the Allied cause. . . . Three days later, in conjunction with our Allies, you counter-attacked. The Allied armies gained a brilliant victory that marked the turning-point of the war." (*From General Pershing's order of August 28th.*)

AT MIDNIGHT of July fourteenth—France's national fête-day—Paris caught the sullen mutter of guns, glimpsed certain ominous flashes to northward, and knew that forty miles away the Germans had struck again. And again it was along the Marne that they were seeking to destroy the Allied arms in one great climactic battle. Nineteen eighteen was to atone for nineteen fourteen. Paris held its breath.

It will always be America's undying pride that her sons performed so vital a part in that crucial battle, to which the Marne hillsides and plains still attest. To-day all is harvest there—harvest and the aftermath of victory. There, where every ditchside is hollowed with abandoned dugouts, where the land is pitted with shell-pox,

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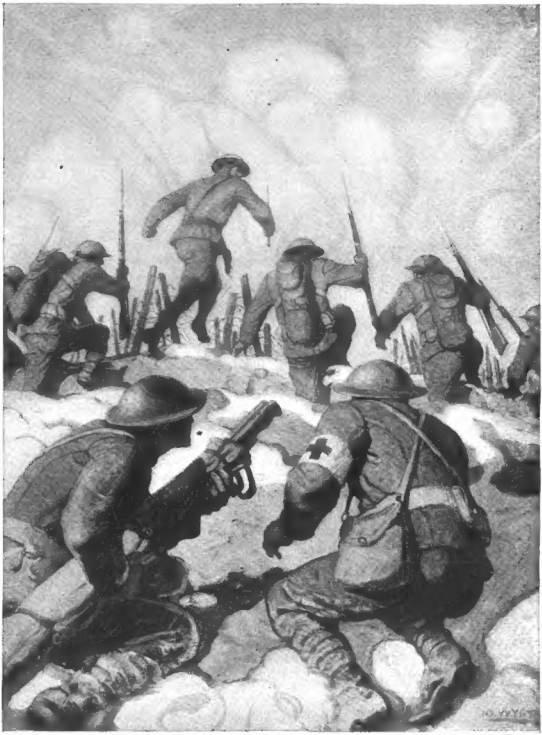

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth

"The advance was rapid, amazingly so. . . . A national vigor flowered afresh at Château-Thierry. . . . They outdistanced their artillery and supply trains. . . . in fact, they outstripped everything, including their commanders' calculations"

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where the shattered trees are splayed like the palmetto, and barbed wire zigzags over hill and dale—the waving grain through which our boys charged is now garnered arow in sheaves across a smiling landscape, and here and there between the sheaves an American rifle, bayoneting the earth and topped by a gray helmet, marks a burial place amid the harvest. Underfoot the poppy trickles to blood-red stain among the stubble. All is profoundly peaceful, with the peace which follows stern victory. Away beyond the farthest haze-tipped hills our boys have passed on, their passage marked by those helmet-topped rifles, scattered over a freed soil.

The advance was rapid, amazingly so. Meeting that long-prepared offensive, our divisions broke through, passed all objectives, and dashed on. A national vigor, which has lain fallow ever since sunset at Gettysburg, flowered afresh in that tempestuous dawn at Château-Thierry. Prodigal youth flung the savings of fifty years into the shouts which ran from rank to rank—"Come on!" "We'll beat you to it!" They dropped their packs, they outdistanced their artillery and supply trains, they caused their dressing stations to move up by leaps and bounds. In fact, they outstripped everything, including their commanders' calculations.

At future leisure someone will tell the Army's own story of that impetuous advance. Meantime, as the Army's heads are rather too busy to talk, we get it from the canteen workers, the searchers and Home Service representatives of the American Red Cross—the men who whirled up and down behind our advancing lines, turning themselves into jacks-of-all-trades for a hot fortnight. It is small wonder that when the American divisions finally slowed down at the Vesle, many of these Red Cross men retired to some secluded spot and slept for four or five days before resuming duty. They had carried on all around the clock for so long that they were little more than somnambulists.

To convey a vague impression of that help, you may turn the July work of the American Red Cross into figures; you may mention their distribution of a hundred thousand complete meals, of a million hot drinks, sandwiches and eggs, of four million cigarettes; or you may approximate the number of men fed at Red Cross outpost stations by denominating a cup of chocolate, a sandwich, or ten cigarettes as one food-unit, and stating that 33,000 of such units were served per diem. Or again you may speak of 2,500 newspapers delivered daily, and 500 magazines weekly, to each division at the front.

But Ananias was the stepfather of statistics, which at best have a way of telling half-truths. Plainly you must see this distribution done—especially when your divisions are dashing across country, always farther away from your supply base, and the Boche is shelling blazes out of the roads by day and night. Yes, you must be there in order to comprehend a feat, compared with which the watching of a three-ring circus isn't in it for sheer ubiquity. The Red Cross went in at Château-Thierry with a total personnel of fourteen divisional representatives and helpers. The men served during a whirlwind fortnight mounted up into scores of thousands.

Picture a vast loop of khaki extending over hill and dale of a flexuous country, with Château-Thierry situated at the loop's lowest sag—a sag which suddenly tautens and becomes part of a straight line which moves forward at a daily rate of three to ten miles. Picture the roads connecting front and rear as swollen with ambulances, artillery, and supply-convoys, blocked by fallen trees and barricades, and unceasingly under shell fire. Picture the first-aid stations hurriedly improvised in a wine cellar, a ruined church, a wayside smithy, and spread out through tiny towns which lie from three to five miles apart. And then imagine, if you can, the job of piloting a camion loaded with food or surgical dressings over such roads, of searching out those scattered stations—they may have moved forward half a dozen kilometers since yesterday—of distributing your consignments among them and dashing back to the rear with a load of sitting-wounded in your car—of doing this same job over and over, while days and nights fly by, and the front line becomes ever more remote, and you are praying Heaven and the A.E.F. for gasoline, more gasoline, and for a let-up which will enable you to move forward your supply base.

As one Red Cross man—the general—dryly put it, "If the Germans had as hard a time running away from the American Army as the Red Cross had in keeping up with it, I'm satisfied. It wasn't an advance. It was an obstacle race!"

For there *is* a Red Cross General, just one. He is a little chap—so little that you'd hardly observe him in a crowd of schoolboys—and he was in the thick of things at Château-Thierry. He has an impersonal, preoccupied air as he sits on the front seat of his camion beside the chauffeur, whirling ahead amid dropping shells, and the hotter the fire the more impersonally preoccupied he seems. Once, when the road became impassably blocked, he was seen to pilot his car out into the field where shells were bursting twenty feet apart, to détour ahead of everything, hit the road again, and dash on.

"Say!" demanded a doughboy, "who is he, that skimpy little Red Cross feller who always looks as

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if he had the whole American Army on his mind?"

"Dunno his name," responded someone else. "The boys in my outfit call him General Suicide."

Officially, the general is one of his organization's divisional representatives, each of whom is responsible for Red Cross service to one American division. This is effected with the aid of half a dozen assistants and sufficient transportation to supply various outpost stations from Red Cross bases. These assistants will be Red Cross personnel—canteen workers, searchers, Home Service representatives—and the man or two that an army division never fails to lend a Red Cross field-unit in times of stress. As for an O.S. (outpost station), it will be as near the front as possible, and will consist of any habitation that still boasts a roof. The desolation of an O.S.—often the sole upstanding thing in a village of mere stone heaps—is truly Pompeiian. Its modern conveniences are limited to a rolling kitchen and a sleeping dugout in the backyard.

General Suicide was administering two such O.S.'s on the eve of Château-Thierry. Presently a significant thing occurred: his division was withdrawn into an assembly zone. The general got advance word of this, and he and his outfit turned up there, ready for business when the troops marched in. Shower-baths—nine thousand of them in the first five days—was his initial contribution. (After a week in trenches, a warm shower followed by bar chocolate and cigarettes is the doughboy's dream of a Red Cross heaven.) Then the division made two more removals, each of which General Suicide and staff anticipated, being on the scene with hot chocolate for the incoming troops—a continuous three-day-and-night job. Next, because of certain army precautions, due to Boche night bombing, General Suicide temporarily lost touch with his division; but two days later he located a just-established field hospital, and learned that the counter-attack was on.

That midnight found him in Paris. He assembled two truckloads of foodstuffs and surgical goods, rushed them frontward, supplied the field hospital, and resumed touch with his outpost stations, which had moved up three miles, and were now feeding soldiers about to enter action. Canned peaches, pears, and apricots, mixed together in fifty-liter marmites, was what his canteen workers had prepared—an unaccustomed relish which the men ate from mess-tins, empty envelopes, newspaper cornucopias, just before going up and over the hill to clear the Germans out of Château-Thierry.

From that moment things moved on the high-speed gear. Nineteen American Red Cross ambulances with complete equipment arrived and were turned over to the division surgeon. Receiving a request from headquarters to give the men a liberal allowance of tobacco, General Suicide left for Paris at 3 A. M., and returned at noon with two navy trucks containing fifty cases of cigarettes. Soon afterward, two Red Cross lieutenants were wounded by aërial bombing and shell fire—casualties which left General Suicide short of help, obliging him to cover distances of a hundred miles a day.

He installed four cook-stoves, one in each regimental aid station, as a means of supplying beef-stew, hot chocolate, and bouillon to incoming wounded. (You must lie all night long in a shell-hole, waiting for the stretcher-bearers to find and remove you, in order really to understand that nectar and ambrosia have nothing on beef-stew.) Also, he would load a camionette and plant his outfit on some highway down which the first line troops were moving from rest quarters into the line, or vice versa. They would recognize the big red sign, "American Red Cross Outpost Service," on the side of his car, would hail it from a distance, then march past in double file, each man receiving his portion of hot chocolate, a wedge of cheese, and a cigarette.

Meanwhile, the front line had become hopelessly distant, and the first-aid stations which had sprung up over night had been abandoned for others, miles farther on. This meant two hasty removals of the Red Cross equipment, and a scouring of the countryside to find new stations. One of these was discovered under a culvert, where the Red Cross men crept in on hands and knees to distribute cigarettes. Another was found in a blasted church, where the operating instruments were spread out on what remained of the high altar; and there the Red Cross unit spent one entire night as surgeons' assistants, so that a crowd of severely wounded men might be promptly evacuated next morning.

Finally the division was withdrawn into a rest area, whereupon General Suicide and staff resumed their shower-bath activities, opened half a dozen reading and writing rooms in the area, and distributed baseball equipment. Also he assembled his supply lists, which contained such varied items as stoves, phonograph records, thermos bottles, oilcloth, razors, ice-bags, toilet articles, table games—the nucleus of a young department store. His food records showed that he had distributed to the division:

Cigarettes	312,000	pieces
Coffee	730	lbs.
Sugar	730	"
Cheese	450	"
Beef-stew	5	cases
Milk and cream	73	"

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French and American soldiers looking down, from a height, upon the town of Château-Thierry, the capture of which marked the turning point of the war

Bridge crossing the Marne at Château-Thierry, which was blown up by French and American troops to check the German advance

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Sausage	13 cases
Corned beef	20 "
Bouillon cubes	36 cartons
Oatmeal	45 "
Macaroni	229 "
Hard chocolate	10,776 cakes

Such is a brief outline of the service rendered by an American Red Cross field unit to one American division during the Château-Thierry push. But the real story—the thing that means most at home—is not what the Red Cross does, but just how much or little the Red Cross means to our boys. One of its divisional representatives, soon returning home to lecture, will read to his audiences a letter from Private Edmund B. Rowe of the Marine Corps—a letter addressed to the Red Cross man, written on the eve of Château-Thierry, and found some days later on Rowe's body where he lay dead on the field of honor. It runs:

I am writing you a letter this evening, the sole purpose of which is to endeavor to express my appreciation for the wonderful work which the American Red Cross is doing. I think the sentiments of every American soldier, if expressed, would be something similar to my own.

These boys have made just sacrifices, and must necessarily meet with hardships which would be very hard to endure, in fact almost unbearable, if it were not for organizations such as the American Red Cross. Liberal donations, consisting of fruits, jam, chocolate, cigarettes, etc., are received quite frequently by the soldiers both in the trenches and behind the lines.

You certainly are doing a wonderful work, and the American Red Cross banner is symbolic of love, charity, and mercy. I often wonder how the Red Cross can afford to give so much to the soldiers. It certainly must be a very great expense. I can assure you, however, that if you could only see the expressions of comfort and cheer which your generous donations bring to the dirty, weary countenances of the recipients, you would feel highly remunerated for your outlay of time, labor, and money.

I want the American people, and especially all members of the Red Cross, to know just how every soldier feels toward your great organization. If these few lines express in the slightest degree the heartfelt gratitude which I, as well as every American soldier, feel toward you and your great organization, I shall not begrudge the short time spent in writing them.

Sometimes a general will issue an order, thanking his troops for gallant service—rare praise, yet unstinted when it comes. And thereto, I think, we may not inaptly liken Private Rowe's letter. Addressed to the American people, it thanks them in behalf of the American Expeditionary Forces for all they have done through the Red Cross for their soldiers overseas—a doubly precious tribute since it speaks from among those mute, helmet-topped rifles, which spike the garnered field of Château-Thierry.

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A very real picture of the way American soldiers advance toward the enemy. These are our men entering the battle before Belleau Woods, where they won an undying fame

Go gle

Battling With The "Flu"

By Katherine Woods

ON ONE of the dark days of last September, when Spanish influenza and its resultant diseases were spreading their devastation through New England, Eugene Shadbolt came from Red Cloud, Nebraska, to see his brother, who was dying at Camp Devens of pneumonia. He found lodgings in the town of Ayer. And there, thirty-six hours after his long journey had come to an end, he fell ill, alone in his strange boarding house, of his brother's disease. He was only one of hundreds of men and women who had come to see their sick boys in camp; but when, under circumstances that made proper attention in the town almost impossible, he became ill, there was some one to care for him at once. From the Red Cross headquarters at Camp Devens, an immediate request was sent to the commandant of the military hospital that Eugene Shadbolt be admitted to the emergency ward established by the army authorities in the Red Cross house. Permission was given without delay; and there in the Red Cross house the man who had travelled so far from home was cared for until, on the first of October, twelve days after he fell sick and six days after his brother's death, he died. There was nothing that could have been done for Eugene Shadbolt, as for his brother in the cantonment, that was not done, quickly, kindly, and as a matter of course. And when, a civilian visitor to a military camp, he died, the Red Cross workers at Camp Devens took charge of all the arrangements over which the Army had, of course, no authority and sent his body home.

That was one of the saddest of all the many sad things that happened at the New England cantonment during the weeks of the epidemic. It was one of many incidents that illustrate the flexibility of the Red Cross organization and the inclusiveness of the Red Cross work. A great machine built up for the needs of war and the horror of battle, the American Red Cross was suddenly summoned to meet, without diminution or pause in its ordinary war work, the emergency of a terrible epidemic that for six weeks assumed the proportions of a country-wide disaster. The Red Cross took care of Eugene Shadbolt, as it took care of hundreds of soldiers' relatives, far from home, frantic with anxiety, in piteous grief; it gave the help that made it possible for the military hospital at Camp Devens, which had been equipped for 1,200 patients, to care for as many as 6,700 at one time; it undertook the responsibility for the children of the thirty-five young housewives who died in a New Hampshire town of 3,000 inhabitants; in the village of Maybrook, New York, which was without hospital, doctor, or nurse, and where one fourth of the population had influenza, it turned a moving-picture theatre into a properly equipped hospital, with adequate personnel, within twelve hours; with the coöperation of other agencies it sent pharmacists to a little town in Alabama, doctors to a settlement in the mountains of Colorado, social workers to cope with unsanitary living conditions in mining towns on the lakes; and it sent its nurses everywhere. Its field directors in cantonments worked for days without taking off their clothes; its volunteer helpers scrubbed floors in Philadelphia tenements; its women motor drivers grappled with the problems of homeless war workers in Washington; its chief representative at Camp McClellan saw to it that the germ-laden roads around the hospital were oiled within a few hours after the dust had been analyzed.

In city and village all over the country it provided what was needed for the sick, and for sick women's families food and household care; and in all the military camps and naval stations where the call came it bought supplies, furnished nurses, and looked after the needs—sometimes so tragic—of visitors. It is attending now to after-care, both physical and social, for the victims of the epidemic and their families. And everywhere it has worked in constant coöperation with the existing agencies of relief, with the Army, the Navy, the public health service, the local authorities, and with the individual and—until the epidemic

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came and the Red Cross stepped in to meet the emergency—unorganized generosity of the community.

Even to glance at the history of those six weeks in the United States is to sense at once two things: One is the pooling everywhere of the resources of the community; the other is best summed up in the words of a Red Cross worker in one of the Western cantonments: "It is really funny, serious as the situation is, to see how people run straight to the Red Cross for help of every kind!" And these things are not the opposites they may seem. In cooperation and concentrated effort alike, they make plain and very poignant the flexibility of the Red Cross in fulfilling its broad purpose—to give help where there is suffering, and to answer the call of emergency and disaster as well as of war.

With the need for organized action the National Red Cross took several immediate steps. A National Committee on Influenza was formed, with W. Frank Persons, Director-General of Civilian Relief, at its head, and arrangements were made at once for complete coöperation with the Surgeons-General of the Army, the Navy, and the Public Health Service. On October first Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, of the United States Public Health Service, sent to the Red Cross War Council a request for specific, thorough-going aid. He was at once assured that the Red Cross would give all the assistance asked, and that his suggestion of an appropriation of $575,000 for nurses' salaries and emergency hospital supplies had been met immediately; and on the same day a telegram was sent to each division manager, telling them all what steps had been taken in Washington and directing them to telegraph at once the information to the chairmen of all the larger chapters. Within the space of one day the Red Cross all over the country was organized in readiness for emergency needs. At the same time the division managers were instructed to reprint and distribute a pamphlet on the prevention and cure of influenza which had been prepared by Surgeon-General Blue.

What the Red Cross thus undertook to do was, briefly, to supply "all the needed nursing personnel" for fighting the epidemic, paying the nurses' salaries and other expenses, and to furnish emergency hospital equipment where the local authorities were unable to do so in a sufficiently short time. The Red Cross was also to aid in the distribution of educational printed matter, and wherever necessary it was to finance traveling medical units. In working out the detail of complete coöperation, to prevent duplications or delays, it was arranged that in each state there should be working together a Federal Health officer, a State Health officer, and a Red Cross liaison agent, while in each community local resources were to be organized and used as far as they held out. To a great extent this was planned in advance of the epidemic. To quote Willoughby Walling, later in Mr Persons' absence acting chairman of the influenza committee: "When the epidemic struck the seaboard we organized the country." This organization that extended from Washington to every Red Cross chapter in the United States was the beginning of the national offensive against influenza. It goes without saying that out of these broad plans for the meeting of a far-reaching

In Seattle, Wash., nobody could get on a street car during the epidemic without an influenza mask

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This detachment of Seattle's police force is guarded against influenza by masks made by Red Cross workers

disaster grew widely varied and strangely exacting details. The work of the Red Cross for civilian relief in the influenza epidemic is still going on, and will continue for a long time to come. But before it became necessary to organize the country for the succor of civilians, Red Cross camp service workers were already helping the Army and Navy to fight the plague among "the boys."

The work of the Red Cross representatives in the cantonments and naval stations came under three heads: supplies, nurses, visitors. Their part was simple enough; they must just go ahead in double-quick time and do whatever there was to be done. They were there to meet emergencies; here was an emergency of a vastness undreamed of. As for what they did—here, for example, are some items from Camp McClellan:

When influenza became prevalent in the camp, the Red Cross Field Director tendered the services of the organization—without qualification as to the size, the kind, or the cost of the work that might be assigned to it—to the Commander of the Camp, the Camp Surgeon, and the Commanding Officer of the Base Hospital. The first request was for nurses, and in response to telegrams to various chapters in the division, forty nurses were supplied; this was many more than were first thought to be needed, but all were gladly used.

Meanwhile constant calls came over the telephone for supplies. Medicines, pajamas, masks, soap, screens, hot-water bottles—supplies that ranged from morphine to fly papers and from wallboard to socks were provided by the Red Cross in cantonments all over the country. A typical note from Camp McClellan records the request for a motor truck for base hospital use; one had been ordered three weeks earlier, but had not yet arrived. Now the need had become imperative; could the Red Cross possibly help? That was at four o'clock in the afternoon; by seven a fully equipped truck was delivered. Then there was a call for four typewriters—and though typewriters were scarce, the Red Cross delivered the machines within twenty-four hours. There were many incidents of that sort—"supplies" by no means medical, urgently needed of a sudden, "found" immediately by the Red Cross. Then there was the matter of the roads: the dust was analyzed and influenza germs were discovered; the Red Cross offered to oil the roads, and the roads were oiled at once; the Quartermaster's Department chanced to be on its last gallon of oil, but the Red Cross got sixteen barrels for immediate use. On the suggestion of the Red Cross the Chamber of Commerce of the town of Anniston undertook at once to have the dust laid on the main road between town and camp.

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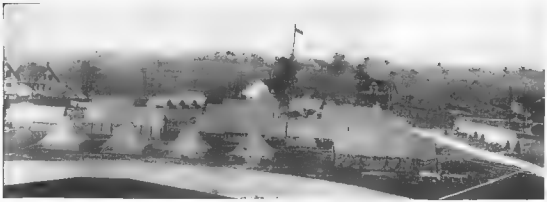

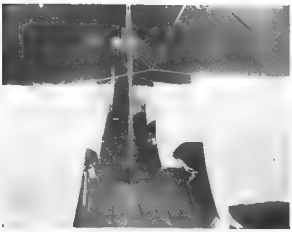

The emergency hospital at Shelton, Pa., established by the State Board of Health, is all under canvas

The inside of one of the tents at Shelton, showing the method of separating the cots. Red Cross nurses and aids have worked in similar tents all over the state

Within two days, the Red Cross thoroughly equipped its big warehouse as an emergency ward. Then it fitted the new army garage, three times as big, with plumbing for the same purpose. It equipped three 100-bed wards, from beds to thermometers. With the coöperation of local factories, it got mattresses, sheets, gauze for masks on "hurry orders" that necessitated the working of machines in holiday hours and the waiving of formal "requisitions" that would have taken a little more time. Later it met a call for colored nurses. One day it took complete charge of one of the hospital wards when there was a temporary shortage of attendants. It held itself in readiness to fit up a laundry if this equipment should be needed in the emergency. When the field director turned in his first report to Washington he added that these were "only a few" of the things that had been done. But they are typical things. A major remarked to the Field Director at Camp McClellan that he was "indeed fortunate in having a large organization," and the Red Cross man, who knew that his small staff had worked day and night to "get things done," asked the officer why he said that. "I've seen the work the Red Cross is doing in the camp!" the major replied, and added that all the praise he had heard of Red Cross efficiency had been proved true. But the Field Director made a little note of the army man's remark, and smiled.

When influenza suddenly swept over Camp Dodge, Major Burch, in command of the base hospital, called in the Red Cross Field Director at once. "I am going to ask the Red Cross for assistance—probably *much* assistance," he said. "I *must* lean heavily upon the Red Cross, and I am afraid the demands in this matter will tax your resources and endurance. Eventually the War Department will meet the requirements, but the emergency must be met by you." The Field Director replied that the Red Cross was there to serve, and to meet emergencies; but when the Commanding Officer gave him the preliminary list of supplies needed at once, he was startled. It was a long list, to begin with; and as the day advanced, and he bought and bought and bought, the

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list grew longer. The Army representative explained that it was a matter of time—and men were then pouring into the hospital by hundreds. The maximum capacity of the base hospital was about 2,200; in eight days there were nearly 8,000 patients, and of these nearly 6,000 were provided with equipment which had been furnished by the Red Cross. The nursing force was trebled in two weeks and, as the Commanding Officer of the Hospital pointed out in the expression of its appreciation which the Army was quick to make, practically all of these were furnished by the Red Cross, and could have been assembled so quickly in no other known way.

The problem of nurses had its own seriousness. The problem of supplies was tremendous. But, where the epidemic raged among men in the service, the Red Cross added to these duties work of a very different kind. It was the Red Cross in whose hands lay the responsibility for the care of the sick boys' relatives.

Cleaning up the grounds of the emergency Red Cross hospital established in the Civic Centre of San Francisco

It was often necessary, for instance, to supply money to men and women who had come suddenly a long distance, unprepared. In the case of the Chelsea Naval Hospital, where seven volunteer medical social workers handled an immense amount of night work, the Red Cross representatives found the visitors sleeping quarters in a city near by. In Camp Dodge a motor service was established in addition to a hotel registry, to carry the sick boys' mothers to them quickly when the call came—and it may be mentioned that in Camp Dodge an emergency telegraph office was installed in the Visitors' House. There was far too much of it, and it was too varied, to describe—or even to catalogue—in a short article. And this, which is obviously true of the "military relief," is true to a yet greater extent in the fight against influenza among the civilian population.

One could glimpse the whole, by observing a few typical achievements or happenings. And one must bear in mind always that here was a "pooling of resources," that the Red Cross was working hand in hand with other agencies, public and private, and with individuals, that one of its biggest pieces of work was often the "organization of the community." In New York City, for example, on instructions from the Department of Nursing of the National Red Cross, the Bureau of Nurses of the Atlantic Division undertook the organization of the Nurses' Emergency Council, assembled with the coöperation of various agencies, to form a general nurses' recruiting office. In a mountain town in Colorado that was absolutely without physicians, the Red Cross, acting in conjunction with the health authorities, had enough doctors sent to care for the sick, and shouldered all the expense involved. In New Orleans the Red Cross was able to stop the sale of milk and soft drinks from street stands, as well as to have the saloons closed, through the aid of the State Food Administrator. In Westerly, Rhode Island, where the epidemic suddenly assumed alarming proportions in the Italian section of the town, the local chapter of the Red Cross called upon the community's sanitary corps to meet the situation. From the Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Board of Health came the statement that he had directed the eighteen district nursing supervisors to call upon the Red Cross membership in every county, town, and village and "had not found any one who failed to cooperate." He added: "They are furnishing supplies, helping with nursing, and doing the finest kind of coöperative work." In the instructions sent out by the National Committee on Influenza to all division managers, the details of cooperation with the Public Health Service and local health boards were made plain.

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It was the great—and virtually unique—difficulty of this epidemic that, after it had first appeared in New England, it spread throughout the rest of the country almost at once. It was indeed, as it has been described, a "universal disaster." It could be alleviated, not by the general, moving of aid to one afflicted district, but by the organization of all the resources "on the spot." Yet what forces could be moved must be mobilized wisely. At the end of October, when the tide of disease had receded from New England, nurses were sent from the Boston headquarters to the mining districts of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, where the ravages of the epidemic had not yet been stayed, and in some cases to the Pacific coast. Meanwhile the National Committee was constantly receiving detailed reports of the situation and the resources in the different divisions. One day toward the end of October the Public Health Office of the City of Washington asked the Red Cross if it could supply, very quickly, 25,000 gauze masks; it was requested that, if it was a possible thing, the masks be furnished at the rate of no less than five or six hundred a day. The report from New England had informed National Headquarters that there was a quantity of masks in Boston, available for use. The entire 25,000 were in Washington in twenty-four hours.

Quickly as the Red Cross recruited nurses and nurses' aids, there were of necessity rural districts, farms, tiny villages, that could not get personal attention. For these Miss Jane A. Delano, Director of Nursing, wrote a series of articles giving, out of her own years of experience as a nurse, the fullest details of practical help, and these were published in newspapers that circulated through rural districts and isolated Western communities. And in many a village where medicines were scarce, and in many a poverty-stricken home in city or country, the Red Cross met the individual need for medicines as it met the demand for hospital equipment.

In Washington, where the abnormalities of war time congestion brought peculiar difficulties, the National Red Cross established a 100-bed hospital in less than five days, and the city chapter added to its organization of kitchens and food delivery and its opening of a central recruiting station for nurses and all kinds of helpers, special aid for homeless women war workers in the form of a convalescent hospital and the service, day and night, of its motor ambulance corps. There were women drivers and women stretcher-bearers, ready to carry sick girls, if need be, down three flights of stairs, and although the Government lent orderlies to help, the women ambulance workers found many a task to accomplish and problem to solve.

Throughout the Atlantic Division, hospitals were established and surveys made wherever the need existed. A typical instance was that of Maybrook where, after opening the hospital within twelve hours, the Red Cross workers began a survey, making personal inquiries of 797 out of the town's population of about one thou-

Line of citizens in Seattle, waiting for epidemic masks at the Red Cross Headquarters. At one time during the first day the line was two blocks long

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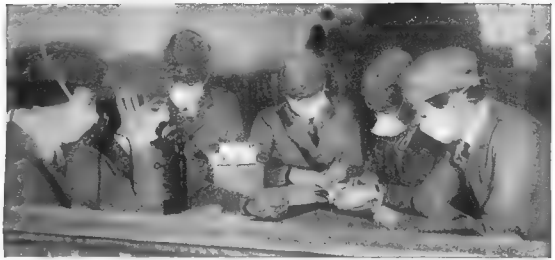

The Red Cross Motor Corps of San Francisco rendered valuable emergency service during the epidemic

sand; the physicians sent to the relief of Maybrook made, outside their hospital work, daily calls ranging in number from two on the first day to 87 when the plague was at its height. In Oswego, where a larger hospital had been equipped within two days, physicians motored through their allotted districts in cars on the front of which was the unescapable sign, "Doctor. No Charge," and people came out of their houses to call them in. The Division sent out 147 graduate nurses, 58 under-graduates and practical nurses, and 251 nurses' aids.

Much that has been mentioned is a matter of physical succor for the sick. But in Silverton, Colorado, for example, and Belen, New Mexico, where half the population was ill at once; in hundreds of towns where whole families were helpless at one time; in thousands upon thousands of households where the mother's prostration left the children without food, it was obvious that relief could not be confined to those who were sick. And so, everywhere, hot food was cooked and delivered, household workers were provided, nurseries were opened. In one little town in the Rocky Mountains every woman who was not sick volunteered at the first call for Red Cross aid.

And though "the worst is over" now, the work is not. In a small section of a small town in Massachusetts sixteen children were left motherless in a few weeks. In Washington—to quote just one instance—the parents of two little children died and left them absolutely alone in the world. For all such children as these the Red Cross has assumed responsibility. Everywhere the serious pathological conditions that are the results of Spanish influenza are calling for the kind of attention that means not only watchfulness through convalescence, but the assurance that men with strained hearts shall not be obliged to climb four flights of tenement stairs at the end of a day's work, that women with weakened lungs shall have fresh air and good food and the possibility of rest. The Red Cross is looking out for all these things. It is not actually doing the work itself unless no local agency can undertake it. But it stands ready to make sure that it will be done. It met the demands of the epidemic. It is meeting them still.

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An American Soldier's Good Fight

THE first suggestion that we get these remarkable letters came by cable from our representative in Paris. Mrs. Merle-Smith gave us the privilege of reading some extracts from her husband's home correspondence, and finally gave reluctant permission to print them here. The following extract from the official citation, published in the "New York Times" for September 6, suggests this officer's important and heroic services:

"Captain Van Santwoord Merle-Smith was in command of a company at the crossing of the River Ourcq, near Villers-sur-Fere, France, on July 28th. Despite the loss of all the other officers in his company, and although wounded himself, he continued to direct his men effectively against the enemy. When his major was killed he succeeded to the command of the battalion, and led it forward throughout the day with courage and gallantry."

I WRITE you from a very sore heart. Without sleep and with little food we have been on a continuous drive after the Boche for six days. After hard fighting we arrived at a small stream in the dead of night and were met by heavy machine-gun fire, wounding one or two men. We had reached our intermediate objective, so I distributed the men, trying to get the poor, tired fellows to dig small individual shelters. Many, utterly exhausted, were lying asleep in ditches along the road. Machine-gun bullets and shells whistled over us. The Boche clearly was making another desperate stand. I was called to Battalion Headquarters, and the colonel who was there read us an order to make at once an attack across the river, with its objective a mile beyond. It was a surprise attack, without artillery, by the whole corps. Dawn was breaking so we would not have the cover of darkness.

We crossed a small river raked by machine-gun fire, after having traversed 500 yards of open field in range of the machine guns, and then went through the woods, the mad wave of our attack breaking over the machine-gun nests, where the men fired until we were within 10 feet of them, and then stood up and shouted, "*Kamarad.*" We didn't give them mercy! To have them kill my men until 10 feet away and then claim exemption from the penalty, didn't go with me. My men were dropping all around me, and I got a bullet through the arm.

Down came the German barrage on us, but I hurried the men along up a hill—about as steep as Pine Crest, but smooth and open. We went struggling up the ascent, now being fired on from on top, right, left, and rear. But on we went, over the crest, and before my eyes lay a great flat plateau, fringed with woods and prepared positions at front, left, and right; and from each came a leaden stream of bullets.

We went about fifty yards more and, as the guns on our left flank got more fully into action (found to be 12-inch guns) and mowed us down, the attack faltered and stopped. It was no use to push forward—not a man could have gone that 500 yards—so I gave the order to dig in. The rain of bullets was so constant that for a man to roll over on his side to use a shovel meant to be hit with several bullets—wounded or killed. For seven hours we hugged the ground or crawled around to help the wounded. We started taking the wounded back, but each man who attempted it was killed or wounded, and I had to stop it.

It was pathetic, their calling on me to help them and I absolutely helpless. I felt terribly about it. Out of my liaison group around me only one was left. I held the hand of a dying boy for an hour because he wanted me to. Deeds of heroism were done there which are equal to any in history. I saw an attempt to bring ammunition to one machine gun; one box cost the lives of eight men to carry it thirty feet. A man would carry it

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three or four feet and drop; another would spring up—three feet more and he was done for. But the ammunition got to the gun, only to have the gun smashed by a shell before it could be fired.

Of such stuff is made the soldier of the United States, so scorned by the Boche!

We lay there waiting for our artillery. The cool courage of the men was remarkable. It seemed impossible that a single man would get out alive. At last, about 12:30 P. M. (we started the attack about 4:30 that morning) the company on our left withdrew, and I gave to all that I could see alive the order to retire. A few (pitifully few) crawled back and down the hill. I stayed for a while, crawling around to see if there were any wounded we could get down. None answered my calls.

I went down and found that my men had been ordered back, the major had been killed, and I wended my way to a dressing station. I got an antitetanus inoculation, had the wound bound up, and started back for something to eat; collected the men of the company and battalion, as I was then Battalion Commanding Officer, and moved them to the place (a sunken road) appointed for the reserve. We were shelled continually day and night, and we had a number of rather awful casualties from big shells. My life seemed to be charmed throughout, however, though I was rather afraid to get wounded for fear the battalion would go to pieces at seeing a second Battalion C. O. wounded or killed. They were pretty nearly done, because so tired and worn.

The third day the colonel told me he wanted me for his Operations' Officer, and I went, leaving the men temporarily in command of Captain M——. I went to Headquarters and worked night and day there with no sleep. Then I got a whiff of gas, which was the second time, but again the ammonia antidote counteracted it. I was director of the supporting artillery and our infantry operations, and we were fighting back and forth night and day continuously.

Work was so intense I forgot wounds, lack of sleep, food, and everything. I wish you could have seen us—a dozen men working frantically on everything under the sun; three telephones going at once all the time, and all being reported at once into my ears or the colonel's, and all the time feverishly working out coördinates of targets for one battery here, another there, 37 m. m. guns at this place, and big Army Corps guns away in the rear on some wagon train just reported coming along a certain road—perhaps a mile behind the lines; working out the speed of the wagon train, for all these guns fire—at points on the map, and then correcting their hits by reports from the observation stations. In the meantime, around the cellar in which we worked (a cellar of a wrecked house in a wrecked town) enemy shells were falling continuously—big and little, gas and high explosives, and airplanes not more than 200 feet over our heads, dropping bombs and firing with machine guns on our messengers.

Our cellar was not much more than moral protection and would not have stood a direct hit but, though three shells went through the house above us, they went through and didn't hit square on the floor above our heads. In the meantime, thanks to no care, my arm got rapidly better, much to the astonishment of the doctors.

Well, at last the Boches weakened and we swept over their positions and across the country after them—pell mell, though we were almost going in our sleep. It was some sight—the Boches ahead of us, blowing up ammunition dumps, houses, supplies, and everything, the sky lighted by a thousand volcanoes; infantry filing after them as fast as they could go; artillery coming up from the rear along the roads at a gallop; ammunition and supply trains without end, with sweating mules and cursing drivers filling up every gap which was not filled with something else; mounted messengers galloping (on horses nearly dead) hither and thither; men on foot and in reel carts stringing wire which the next moment was broken by an enemy shell or a charging battery; and everything lighted up by the flashes of the gun, flares, and the explosion of ammunition dumps.

It was my job, besides directing the advance, to get batteries up and firing and to see that they were not firing on our men; to get all our wagons—some of them five miles in the rear—collected and on the move forward. On the way the Boche shelled out a bridge we were using for the wagons. To find engineers in that mad rush was some job, but we collected a platoon lost from somewhere and they fixed the bridge, so on the procession went—a wagon broken here, or a mule killed by a shell; then tumble the wagon and mule off the road and push on, sweating and swearing.

It is here where the American shows the best. Even the humblest has his resources tucked away in his brain some place and he's in it — *Pike's Peak or bust!* A wheel of a kitchen is broken by a shell fragment—into the woods the driver goes for a log, ties it on, steals a couple of mules from another stranded wagon, and on he goes.

We were relieved that night and spent the next four days policing the battlefield. I was about dead to the world and slightly sick, but my arm continued rapidly to improve. Then we arrived in this beautiful restful region beyond the ruins of villages, that are filled with flies and smells and scattered furniture and the litter of battle. It was like a load falling, or being lifted, off my mind.

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"The sweetest wine he has found in France—American water"

The New Wine of France

By Emily Frances Robbins

Illustrated by S. J. Woolf

THE old phrase of the traveler in Europe, "Nobody drinks the water, you know," is dead. The English, and then the Americans, have destroyed its meaning. So far as our Army is concerned, everybody drinks water in France. This article from the other side suggests vividly how the great problem of pure water is being met by us.

WINE divine" it has been called—not a new name, but it still holds. It is Uncle Sam's favorite, brought to France by the American Army.

A curious characteristic of the American, this wanting his own of everything. The war is three thousand miles from home, yet the American soldier abroad demands his own kind of white bread. Though he camps over the chalky strata of Normandy, or upon the mountains of the Swiss border, or among the wine vaults of old Champagne, he howls for his own, his favorite beverage, the sweetest wine he has found in France—American water.

Are our boys drinking in France? Of course they are—all the water they can get. They do not waste a minute, after they have gotten here.

At one landing port, the supply of good water became insufficient for the great incoming American hordes, every man with a thirst. So as soon as they put their feet on soil where famous French wine was no longer prohibited, they worked all night, and all the next day, another night, and still other nights (so fanatical were they on this subject of drink), and they bored into the earth as many feet as the height of America's tallest building—and out flowed gallons and gallons and gallons

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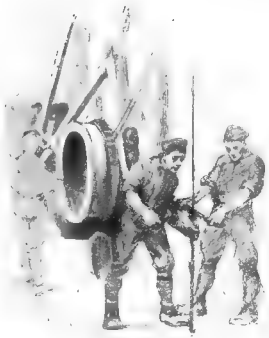

"They bored into the earth—and out flowed gallons"

"And they have it all along the route"

"Uncle Sam's favorite, brought to France by the American Army"

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What is worse, they have it all along the route. The officers are so afraid that our boys will be tempted to drink French water that they run ahead and examine it, and hang little signs here and there prohibiting the American soldiers to taste of it. When the supply is an important one and drink is needed, engineers install filtration and sterilization plants and convert many dangerous waters, against which the Frenchmen may have become inoculated by long contact, into a safe American beverage. When the water supply is such that it cannot be purified in bulk, they reduce the purification and sterilization devices to miniature, place them on trucks, and run them around the country after the soldier.

Even Jerry's own yields to the magic of American sterilization. Jerry's favorite beverage, in the wells that he leaves behind, is brewed with his dead bodies, his human excreta, and his cast-off hospital bandages. Nothing daunted, the busy little American runabout sterilizer—unique in the annals of armies—puts the concoction through a treatment in democracy, and in fifteen minutes gallons are flowing American pure.

The American indifference to the old French wines is one of the scandals of this war. Word is passed that they are the only safe course, that in them you get your drink in sterilized form. But whoever invented that camouflage did not reckon with the wily man from Missouri, who winks one eye and remarks, "Who had an interest in starting that propaganda?"—as he raises his own canteen for another swig.

In the good old days of open field maneuvers, before the world became sophisticated, armies used to camp within the reach of visible water sources, near springs, or upon the banks of streams Modern warfare no longer consults the convenience of geography, geology, topography, or meteorology. Whatever the rainfall, the natural storage, the run-off, or the seasonal variation; whether the source of supply is a surface stream, or an ancient river bed, or beneath impermeable sedimentary rock, or compact sandstone—the will of science dominates and water pours forth. The camps of the American Army are spread over the free soil of France. The French landscape is dotted with American docks, cantonments, bakeries, laundries, baths, schools, laboratories, hospitals, machine shops, railway yards, terminals, supply depots; it is painted with American locomotives, motor trucks, horses, mules, airplanes, and men—and they all drink. And the trouble they cause! Think of it for a moment—a great engineering enterprise for furnishing drink already accomplished, with four hundred more in the process of construction. A whole army of engineers and sanitarians are devoted to the cause of drink, purifying farm supplies, pumping from streams and springs into storage tanks and reservoirs, boring into the earth, building 50-foot-high curved concrete dams that impound 100,000,000 gallons of water, laying miles of pipe line at night under the very breath of the enemy.

From the time the American soldier strikes a French port, until he infiltrates through to the last foot of civilized territory, drink flows in a continuous stream into his mouth. When he gets beyond the base of huge reservoirs, it is carried in pipes to water-points. When he gets beyond these, it is sent to him on water-truck trains, each truck carrying as much as five hundred gallons. Where trucks can no longer penetrate, 150 gallons of water is sent at a time by horses or mules, who pull and strain and die to get it to the thirsty soldier. When animals fail, men carry it by hand, trailing the man to his farthest lair.

"One hundred and fifty gallons of water at a time is carried to the soldiers by horse"

And there he sits, in his dugout or his trench or his shelter hole, with clear eyes and ruddy cheeks—be it known to his shame—due to his long career of drinking. Under the spell of his American intoxication, he studies the different languages of the shells, developing a nicety for noises, a delicacy of discrimination, and turns his mind to the weighty problems of winning the war, which devolve upon his individual responsibility and, solving the last crucial question—how to "get on Jerry's flank and tickle him with one of them hand grenades"—he reaches for more American liquid, to put the devils of health into his veins—and quaffs, and quaffs.

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From Headquarters to You

HAVE you taken out your membership in the Red Cross? One membership out of millions —what difference can it make? And a dollar may mean much right now to you. There may be more intimate needs to meet. There are sick babies in your home town—why give to the starving, battle-shocked children of France and Belgium and Poland?

Think a minute. For thousands of years men have been asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The first man who said it had murder in his heart and his hands dripped with his brother's blood. Every year the answer grows clearer; every year we know more fully how unescapably we are the keepers of our brother's life, how closely his happiness is wrapped up with our own, and further that brotherhood knows no limitations of space or race.

By virtue of our youth, our wealth, our heritage of freedom, our blessed boundaries of ocean, the debt is ours to pay. They make us responsible for the life, liberty, and right to pursue happiness, of other nations whose love of freedom is the same as ours.

We say that Democracy is worth dying for. Our men have proved it in deeds. Is it something to live for day by day, we who stay safely at home?

The Red Cross is the world's House of Mercy. Its doors are open to all, its mercy is unstrained. And brick by brick it is builded by individual effort and voluntary giving. "Headquarters" is the architect, but the people must bring the bricks and do the building, or there can be no house of deep, enduring foundations, imperishable in the spirit of its service.

We should move as an army, millions strong, to the building of this House of Mercy. Peace has its horrors as well as war, and the Red Cross softens both. Perth Amboy in the throes of a gigantic explosion, Minnesota towns swept by fire, Porto Rico rocked by earthquake, and a world-wide epidemic—with all of these the Red Cross has grappled in recent months, the while our Army and our Allies claimed our best endeavors thousands of miles away.

If the place where your brick should rest in the House of Mercy is still empty, answer the Roll Call now. Lay your brick and do your part toward making unanimous the answer of the nation to the appeal of the Red Cross.

In peace or war the world needs mercy, some great organized power ready to come swiftly "with healing in its wings" when disaster falls on your home town or mine. And always contagion, unsanitary living, and uncared-for women and little children need the mothering that an organization like the Red Cross can so perfectly further, and that many organizations must give, if the race is to be cherished and move on to better things.

The man or woman who sees only a dollar membership in the answer to the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call, who thinks it makes little difference whether he or she answers or not, does not know the first letter of the word "Democracy." The heart of the house will be cold, there will be no fire on the hearth, no warmth in its halls, unless we all take part in its building, and make and keep it "our Red Cross."

Team Work in the Packing Room

SOME day when you get a new roll of diagrams with detailed directions for folding all hospital supplies and garments in quite a new way, with the buttons coming in just such a place, what are you going to think?

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"More red tape" perhaps, or "Men's notions! It is easy to give orders—if they had it to do perhaps they wouldn't change their minds about how to do it every few minutes." We can hear the chapter work-rooms hum with questions, all the way to Washington.

But come with me to Headquarters and see what it is going to mean, if you fold the garments and supplies exactly according to the new regulations that are being distributed. To begin with, it is Eve's responsibility again. A woman under direction from National Headquarters worked out the whole scheme and she is above all practical. This is it.

We have been shipping these supplies in wooden cases. A plan is being perfected to bale them in waterproof paper with a covering of burlap (and by the way both burlap and banding will be most useful for other purposes). Each package will be compressed in a baler to a height of fifteen inches, and this is the reason that the garments must be folded exactly as prescribed to fit the dimensions of the exacting baling machine and to put the buttons where the pressure will not break them.

Sample bales have been sent on experimental trips abroad and certain changes made in the paper to make sure that the precious shipments have the best-wearing traveling costume possible. Not a point in material or process but has been tested to make this package the last word in economy of money, material, labor, and transportation space.

Almost half the cost of material will be saved on each bale. The new package will weigh about fifty pounds less than the old one, and has a content of four instead of twelve cubic feet. This means a saving of eight cubic feet per bale in the holds of our overladen ships. And it is roughly estimated that it will cost about $13.00 less to transport each of these bales than it did to carry the old wooden cases.

Under the new conditions women are handling all material packed and baled for overseas. Convenient "ears" on the bundle permit ease of handling, and it can be taken hold of without hooks or extra tools.

Is it worth while to learn to fold the garments and supplies in a new way to save all this precious money and labor and time and space?

On the hundred and fifty thousand cases shipped last year this would mean a decreased shipping space of 1,200,000 cubic feet and the carrying of about 7,500,000 pounds less weight; and this means even more in cartage and loading and unloading in France than it does in this country.

In the money expense of transportation we save around $2,000,000 a year. But money is by no means the most precious thing we know of in these days. Men's lives and victory have hung on materials and speed of transportation, and money is of no value except in so far as it can be changed into these, when we are short on them.

So smile while you fold and pack. It is the first step toward sending over 50 per cent. more goods in a given space and that means time saved, precious time in which brave men and pitiful old folks and little children suffer and wait.

Only team work in the chapter packing work can bring about the full result. Headquarters cannot take the last step unless you take the first one. We leave it to you to give the new directions an eager welcome and a soldierly following out, while you vision what it means in speeding the shipments "over there."

Are you Qualified as a Nurses' Aid?

ONE glad thing rings through all the blackness and the tragedy of the influenza epidemic. The volunteer effort of the nurses—the trained, the partly trained, those women without hospital training who offered their services merely as "helpers"—is a story befitting these unparalleled times, fully worthy to join in that pæan which rings out the Old, rings in the New, in this New Year of Years.

It rings personally for every woman in this country, calling her to take up her own part in the nursing responsibility which is the plain duty of American women to shoulder in 1919. Late in October a sudden call came to the Department of Nursing of the American Red Cross from the office of the Surgeon-General of the Army for 1,500 nurses' aids for immediate overseas duty in military hospitals. There were certain requirements of training and age. But just as in that call new privileges opened immediately to many women, so it is not improbable that other calls may still further widen the scope of opportunity.

Some training is required of every woman assigned to hospital duty. Every local Red Cross chapter is prepared to give full information about such training. Now is the time to secure it, for the future demand whose day and hour cannot be prophesied.

Civilian hospitals, the United States Employment Service, our colleges and universities, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and other organized groups of women are coöperating with the Red Cross in the effort which is necessary to bring to every woman the needs of the country. *Such* needs as these are the immemorial rights of women to meet. . . and woman's hour is striking in this unexampled year.

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The British Navy in the North Sea

Photographs reproduced by special permission of the British Admiralty

The convoy steering a zigzag course through the danger zone. The erratic course of the ships greatly hampered the submarines' efficiency, for the dodging ships were doubly hard to hit

Despite the tireless efforts of the destroyers, a submarine has occasionally slipped through and torpedoed a ship. Here destroyers and patrol boats are standing by and rescuing the passengers and crew of a stricken victim. For each German submarine accounted for, the attacking destroyer has a star painted on its funnels

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The deadliness of the torpedo can well be judged by this photograph of a torpedoed ship. It is as if some unseen, giant hand had grasped the ship and twisted it in two

H. M. S. "Tempest" dropping a depth bomb over the spot where a submarine had recently been sighted. The British Admiralty recently published the names of the commanders of 150 German submarines that the British Navy had sunk or captured

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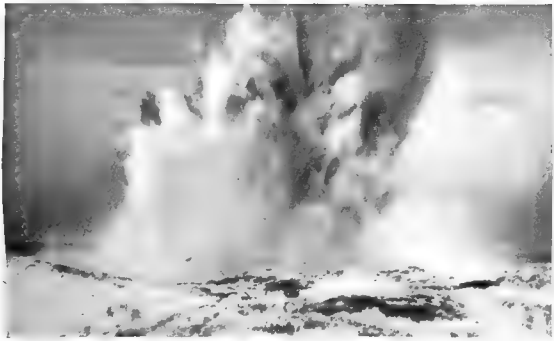
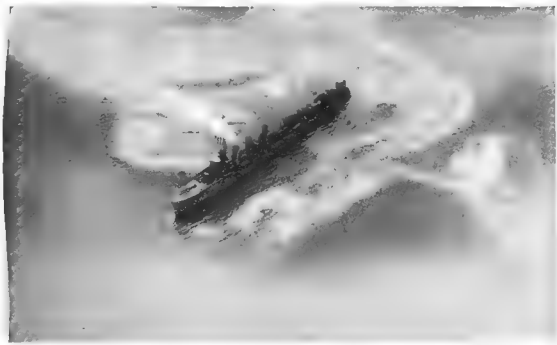


When a depth charge is exploded it is like a volcanic eruption. Vast columns of water are thrown high into the air and everything within two hundred yards is destroyed with certainty



"Following the explosion there was a great disturbance of the water and bubbles arose. The submarine was not seen again, but large quantities of oil floated to the surface." [Official report.] The destroyer is cruising about looking for possible survivors, and so is the seaplane from which this photograph was taken

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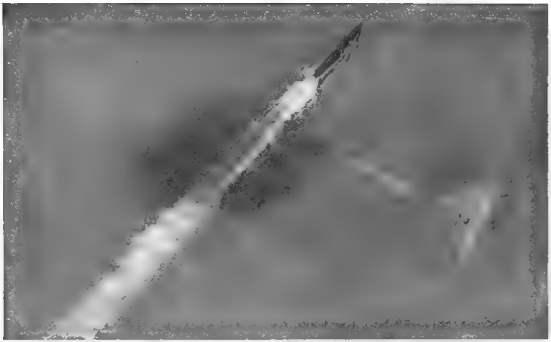
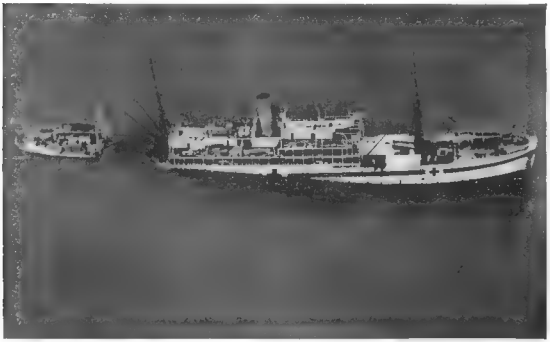


A depth charge has been dropped and a patch of oil has appeared. But the Germans often release a little oil to deceive the enemy. So the destroyer has just dropped another bomb



That the Germans have forfeited all friendly treatment on the high seas for generations is shown by this sinking hospital ship—plainly marked. The list of hospital ships criminally sunk by the Germans is a long one

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In exploding this German mine, 400 pounds of T. N. T. blew up. The English explode a mine by rifle, the shot striking the projecting horns and releasing the machinery for firing the mine

Since the war the number of derelicts has greatly increased. A destroyer, on encountering a derelict, places a few charges of dynamite in its hold, explodes them, and blows the wreck to pieces

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"Two men made a triumphal march . . . . . announcing that the Tobacco Fund packages came from Portland, Oregon"

What's in a Comfort Bag?

By Shirley Putnam

Illustrations by DENMAN FINK

WHAT'S in a comfort bag? *You* know, you mothers and wives and sisters and strangers in every state in the Union who have sewn up the sides and stuffed in the contents; *I* know, who have unpacked, in France, bags from St. Louis, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, Rochester, and Nashua, N. H.; and what is more, *they* know, who rise up from their sick-beds and bless the givers.

As Red Cross searcher and visitor in an American base hospital, I was allowed to assure my welcome in the wards by distributing Red Cross bags and cigarettes. It was not because I played secretary to the men, or asked information for my "missing" list, that I could count on the cordial greeting I received. Load yourself with twenty Red-Crossed, Star-Spangled, tri-colored, flowered-cretonne bags on one arm, and on the other a Swiss Family Robinson sack of extras, such as razor blades, pipes, etc., and then stroll into a ward filled with sick soldiers. Can you imagine any greater fun than disburdening yourself to men who have often lost even their comb and their tooth brush in the lines, until you have a

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whole company engaged in recivilizing itself, sewing on buttons, writing letters, "enjoying" a shave or a pipe?

What reply do they make when you ask, in three different languages, "Would you care for a bag like this?"

Italian: "*Non é vero, signorina! Tante grazie!* When I am back in Venezia, I send you a pair gloves."

Poilu: "No *blague* about this, Mademoiselle? We are to take it even out of the hospital? *Vive l'Amérique!*"

Tommy: "Thanks awfully, sister, this is the cushiest thing we've struck yet. And a pipe! I say!"

Yank: "Say! Who told you my last collar button was buried somewhere in trench mud? This sure is a life-saver!"

I might add that a Pole threatened his nurse so violently for daring to use the hand-knitted wash cloth that was in his bag that she had to call on me for an extra one. His grievance was that he had wanted to keep the contents "just like they was," to show the folks back home what the Red Cross did for the fellows. I could tell you of Americans and poilus who, too dazed by Spanish grippe to get one's intention, break one's heart by mumbling: "Thanks, lady, just the same; I can't get it now. I guess you'll have to come around again on pay day."

Can you see a lonely Italian, mute with the anguish of a wound in his side, hugging his unopened bag for two days, as tight as if it were a Teddy bear? Can you hear big "Bill the Cherokee," who hasn't had his pay in seven months (but will get it "reg'lar" from now on), say: "Well, now I'll give up feelin' bad 'bout that Christmas package that never came!"

What do the boys look for first? *Her* name and address, and the card or letter paper which prompts them to return thanks immediately. If the address happens to be within the patient's own state, what a hallelujah! Two men had to make a triumphal march through every ward in their building with the astounding news that the Tobacco Fund packages in their bags came from Portland, Oregon, even as did they!

What are they most glad to get? One hospital took a vote. You may guess tobacco; but you will lose. It was "toilet articles"—tooth paste, shaving sticks, etc. There are times when a tooth brush is harder to come by than an airplane! After seeing a doughboy count out eight francs to a French *vendeuse* in return for a small tin of talcum powder and twelve razor blades, I had a strong argument with which to suppress extravagances, such as incipient powder fights in the wards.

"Load yourself with twenty tri-colored crelonne bags and then stroll into a ward of sick soldiers"

You packers and shippers at home will never know the infinite delight in the objects so tightly stowed in those cases of 100 each. How could one imagine that the first offering to rouse the officers' enthusiasm would be two five-cent boxes of chewing gum and two tins of crackers for a ward of ten men; that two small envelopes of lime drops would ease weeks of pain for a consumptive

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aviator; that a rabbit's foot would send another aviator pilot back to his squadron a-tingle with faith in future triumphs? Did you ever think what a lark it would be to bring together two natives of the Pine-tree State by the simple match-making expedient of a package of Kennebec spruce gum? Can you picture the delight of a Tommy of nineteen years, whom the war has just robbed of his right arm, when you slip him a Panama Canal puzzle in which the quicksilver can be jiggled into its route with one hand? Can you see the eyes and pockets of the New York negroes bulging, as they stow away their pipes, tobacco, foot powder, candles, chocolate, bouillon cubes ("bomum," they call it), and leave you for "dem trenches, an' dat shrapenel," saying: "You shoh has done mahty well by us, lady!"

What's in a comfort bag? *I* know. It is the generous heart of St. Louis, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, Rochester, and Nashua, N. H., that has revealed itself to me in one little thoughtfulness after another. A scrapbook inscribed in a schoolchild's hand to "My Soldier Boy"; a cake of soap tied with red ribbon, and labeled "Let's soap it's good for somebody"; a piece of wedding-cake with an autograph account of the event! You are very painstaking and rather wonderful—you women of America!

"The soldier wants his comfort bag made stoutly so that he can bring it back to show the folks"

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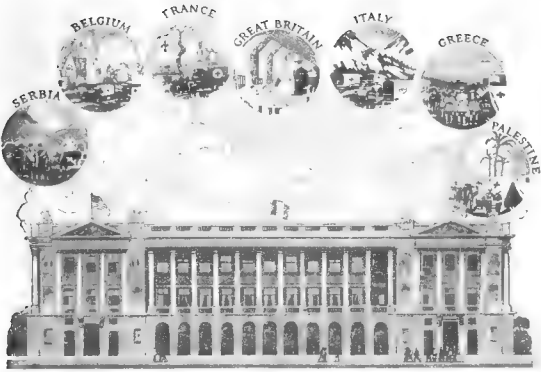

The Work of the Red Cross in Europe Begins Now

By Stephane Lauzanne

Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin;* Member of the French High Commission to the United States.

MR. LAUZANNE'S article, in presenting the French view of opportunities for future American relief activities in Europe, shows that the French Government has foresightedly prepared for its work of reconstruction in the devastated districts. An undertaking so vast is necessarily governmental. The Red Cross organizations of the world will, of course, be ready to give supplementary aid; but the extent and methods of that aid are yet to be determined.

SOME one has just said to me:

"The war has ended: so has the work of the Red Cross!"

Not a bit of it. It would be more accurate to say: "Now that war is over, the work of the Red Cross is about to begin." At least, such is the case for France.

Some of the richest and finest of the French "Departments"—Nord, Pas-de-Calais, Somme, Oise, Marne, Ardennes, and Meuse—equal in area to the State of New York, are ruined, razed, utterly destroyed, as if some monstrous plague had passed over them. In the Department of Somme, not a house, not a farm, not a tree is left standing. In the Department of Nord, there are still houses and farms, but they have been emptied of all they contained. The gang of thieves and plunderers who, for four years, styled themselves the "great German army," systematically carried away everything: furniture, silver, linen, clothing, agricultural implements, even to the flooring and door-knobs! On the other hand, there is not a school left for children, or house of refuge for the aged, or hospital or

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church. Three million human beings, three million French people, have not a roof over their heads, not a bed, not a chair. Broken-down women, who were taken away into slavery, deported like convicts and turned into beasts of burden during four years, are now coming back and, in many instances, they have not even a shawl with which to cover their emaciated shoulders. The soil has been laid waste, riddled with holes, left untilled. Fruit trees have been cut down. Wells have been poisoned or filled with dirt. Everywhere there is death, and desolation, and ruin. Men, many men, will be needed, money and more money, work and yet more work, years and years of effort, before all this can be built up again and life made to bloom once more. A first rough computation has established the fact that, merely to reconstruct the villages of the north of France, an army of 100,000 men working for twenty years would be needed.

It is understood that the brutes who were the direct and responsible cause of all this horror-are to pay. It is understood that this army of 100,000 workers will be levied in Germany, and that for twenty years German youth shall be called upon to rebuild what their fathers so ruthlessly destroyed. It is understood that Germany shall furnish, in money or in kind, whatever is necessary for the reconstruction of the north of France. It is understood that stolen things are to be returned, and that we shall go to Germany for the iron, coal, steel, wood which we shall need. It is understood that the plunderers shall disgorge their plunder.

But in the meantime, do you imagine for one instant that there is not work, and plenty of it, for every Red Cross of the world—and for the greatest of them all, the American Red Cross—in those desecrated fields of Flanders, Picardy, Champagne, and Lorraine, as well as in all parts of devastated Europe?

If, by Red Cross, is merely meant an organization to take care of the wounded of the war, build hospitals, and make bandages, then of course the rôle of the Red Cross was ended when the last shot was fired and the last wounded removed from the battlefield.

But if the Red Cross also means an organization that relieves some of the suffering caused by war, that rebuilds a part of what war has torn down; if, in a word, it is to play the part of a guardian angel to humanity, then the activities of the Red Cross have only just begun.

In France, such a Red Cross has before it an immense field in which to work. It will meet with the cordial and hearty support of the public authorities. A unique French administration has been created, which has charge of all of the reconstruction work in devastated France: The Department of Liberated Territory, whose State Secretary is Mr. Albert Lebrun, a member of Mr. Clemenceau's Cabinet and a man of consummate talent and great experience. Mr. Albert Lebrun has organized two offices: The National Office of Reconstruction, which deals with the special task of rebuilding villages, and The National Office of Agricultural Reconstitution, which deals primarily with the soil.

I have before me a letter recently sent to me by Mr. Albert Lebrun, from which I quote the following passage:

> My administration has for its principal object the rapid reorganization of housing and shelter, either in the form of repairs to buildings that have been only slightly damaged, or of concessions of temporary dwelling houses or farm buildings. Its action is seconded in the best possible way by societies or charitable persons who can supply the refugees with linen, clothing, or the small horticultural or agricultural tools and implements they need for the resumption of their work
>
> I need hardly say that every charitable person, who proposes to help France to repair her ruins or alleviate her distress, is assured of a hearty welcome and of the deepest gratitude, and we are eager to extend to them every facility.

There are already French organizations, therefore, holding out their arms to the American Red Cross, and if the latter wishes to continue its marvelous work of human philanthropy, it knows at what doors to knock. Those doors will be opened wide.

The American Red Cross may be sure that there will never be enough gratitude in the hearts of Frenchmen for whatever is done. In Belgium, in invaded France, when during those last weeks of war French or English troops entered the villages they had just delivered, the first cry of the people was invariably:

"If we are still alive, we owe it to the Americans Americans have been feeding us for the last four years!"

That cry may be uttered again if the Red Cross wishes to hear it, for there are more human beings to deliver from famine, poverty, and ruin. That white flag with the scarlet cross, which men and women of America have been planting for four years over the smoking ruins of northern France and southern Belgium, must not be carried away just yet; it must float until those ruins have disappeared, until flowers have bloomed over those fields of death.

The ideal that inspires the American Red Cross and all America will be satisfied with nothing less.

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The World-Wide Red Cross

Vivid summaries of a year's work specially written for the Magazine in October, just as the great war was ending

Henry P. Davison, Chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross, under whose guidance the great work is conducted. This photograph was taken in Paris in October, just after Mr. Davison had been decorated as a Commander of the Legion of Honor

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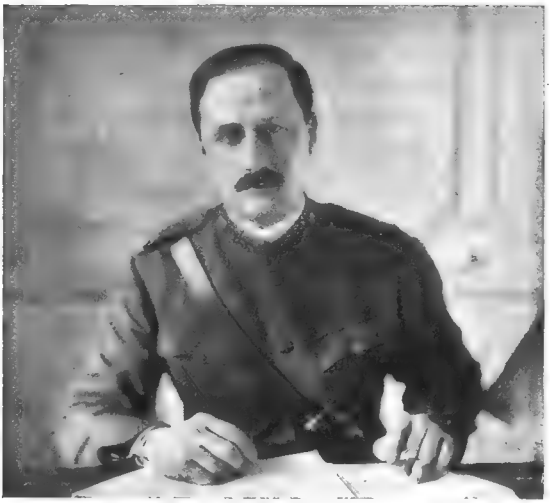

Major James H. Perkins joined the Red Cross forces from the National City Bank, of which he was the vice-president. Major Perkins acted as Commissioner for France for six months, and in February, 1918, took Major Murphy's place as Red Cross Commissioner for Europe. Recently he resigned to join the United States Army

The Red Cross in Europe

By Major James H. Perkins, M. O., U. S. A.

Former High Commissioner for Europe of the American Red Cross

YOU have seen on a moving picture screen those so-called animated drawings. A pen wielded by an unseen hand draws a spot on a blank surface and then, with lightning-like rapidity, jumps from point to point sketching in a line here and a line there, until finally the complete result appears on the screen.

With this idea in mind, imagine an outline map of Europe. A pen wielded by an unseen hand appears on the map and makes a dot at a point about where Paris is situated. From this dot several lines shoot out rapidly. One goes south to the Mediterranean, another goes west, right out into the Arm of France, while a third goes

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north to the little strip of what is left of Belgium. As we watch the lines they increase in thickness until they finally merge into one, and the whole of France is drawn in. Now the pen reappears and in a moment sketches in Italy and the islands of Sardinia and Sicily. Here it jumps quickly and Salonica and Greece flash in and, away off into the east, Jerusalem and Palestine appear. Up northward the pen darts. Russia is sketched in, followed by Rumania. England and Scotland appear in short order and then Switzerland and Portugal, and finally the pen comes to stop, out in the Atlantic Ocean, at Madeira and the Azores Islands.

The pen that has drawn all these lines and sketched in the Entente countries of Europe has a special significance. It represents the workers of the American Red Cross in Europe, and the first point it made on the map represents the little band of eighteen persons who formed the first American Red Cross mission to Europe. The unseen hand that wields the pen is the members of the American Red Cross the world over, and the completed map is the work accomplished in Europe.

From the little band that landed in France in June, 1917, a few months after our declaration of war, the organization has grown by leaps and bounds until to-day it numbers more than five thousand persons in France alone; and from the modest beginning in Paris, the work is now being carried on in every country of the Entente and the neutral states of Switzerland and Denmark.

Lieut.-Colonel Harvey D. Gibson came from the presidency of the Liberty National Bank, New York, to the Red Cross as its general manager in Washington. He is now Commissioner for France

It is my great good fortune to have been associated with the Commission to Europe from its arrival in 1917 until September, 1918. When the Commission first landed in France, it had but one definite object and only one: To be of the utmost service to the Allies at the earliest possible moment. Further than that nothing had been decided. France had been terribly worn by war. She had had some three million casualties and when we asked how we could best help, we were told, "By helping to sustain the morale of the people." So we set to work at once to give relief to the needy families of the soldiers at the front, and to supply the soldiers themselves with the small comforts that are not included in army regulations but which mean so much to the fighting man.

For the first year, until our own troops appeared on the scene, we concerned ourselves chiefly in France with civilian relief. To-day our energies are mainly centred upon the American soldier with whose welfare the people at home have so generously entrusted us. The Red Cross is the link that joins the home and the soldier. One of our main departments is the Home Communication and Home Service Bureau. Here we answer daily thousands of inquiries about wounded and missing soldiers and vice versa, and set at rest the minds of many soldiers who may be worrying about their affairs at home.

In Italy we were particularly fortunate in being able to help at a crucial time. Four days

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after the United States had declared war on Austria, a convoy of our ambulances arrived in Milan—a tangible proof that the United States was heart and soul with Italy in her struggle against her enemies. The moral effect of such a demonstration of our willingness to aid, at a time when the enemy was sweeping down upon the country, was invaluable, and the Italian authorities have been more than generous in recognizing our efforts. Soon after the first convoy of ambulances was sent a permanent commission of the American Red Cross in Italy arrived; and to-day there is scarcely a town of any size, in Italy, Sicily, or Sardinia, that the Red Cross does not reach, whether supplying money to the needy families of soldiers or operating rolling canteens behind the battle front.

In Havre, where the Belgian Government has its capital, the Red Cross functions in the little strip of Belgian territory that is still free from the invader. Last summer it presented one million dollars to the Belgian Red Cross to enable it to carry on its work for the current year.

In Great Britain, we are equipping several hospitals, and near Southampton we are erecting one to contain three thousand beds—the largest in England—for American wounded. Canteens have been established at all the American training and rest camps, and our representatives at the points of debarkation and embarkation in England are always at hand, when a transport docks, to render whatever aid might be needed and to supply coffee and sandwiches to our own troops

In Switzerland, Red Cross work has been chiefly with the prisoners of war. We have a big warehouse where food for the United States prisoners is stored and, as soon as we learn of a prisoner's whereabouts in Germany (through the International Red Cross, which sends us daily lists of the captured), a parcel containing food and clothing is forwarded to him immediately. Several prisoners, who have managed to escape from Germany, have told us that were it not for these packages many of our boys would have died.

In addition to this work in Switzerland, we have been supporting many interned Russian and Rumanian soldiers whose plight is indeed pitiable; and we have permitted a number of Serbian medical students to finish their studies so that they might return and help their stricken country where tuberculosis has been rampant since the enemy overran it. When prisoners of war have been exchanged or civilians have been repatriated, we have supplied them with necessary clothes and, in some cases, have so arranged that the families of interned soldiers might be brought to Switzerland to spend several days with them.

Lieut.-Colonel Robert P. Perkins, of Hartford, is one of the leading carpet manufacturers of America. He has been Red Cross Commissioner for Italy since November, 1917

Recently an epidemic of Spanish influenza raged in Switzerland. At one time there were more than eleven thousand cases in the army alone. We offered to aid the Government in its attempts to stamp out the disease and appropriated the sum of $100,000, which aided materially in controlling it.

We have had a Commission to Serbia at Salonica for several months, and a new Commission has been sent to Greece. In Palestine—at Jerusalem—an American Red Cross Commission has been operating for several months, extending relief to a population long starved and ill treated by their former Turkish overlords.

In Portugal we have endeavored to aid by lending financial assistance to the Portuguese Red Cross. Quite recently the Red Cross sent a

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Commission to look into the situation in Portugal, as well as in the Azores and Madeira Islands. The Commission has reported a great lack of foodstuffs, and before long this will be remedied as far as it is in our power.

In Denmark we have established a warehouse at Copenhagen to aid in supplying prisoners of war in the northern prison camps in Germany.

This responsibility of spending the many millions of dollars with which the American people have entrusted us is a great one; but when I look back over the past year with its shadows and its lights —especially vivid are those black days when it seemed as though all our labors might have been in vain—I feel an immense satisfaction, for I know that everyone in the organization, no matter what his position may have been, has given his best and done the best he knew how for the Red Cross. We have made mistakes, possibly grave mistakes, but they are inevitable in any undertaking of the vast proportions of the American Red Cross. We must be judged by our achievements and not by our mistakes.

So, in taking leave of the Red Cross to enter the Army, two things are uppermost in my mind —one the great sense of privilege I have had of serving in the Red Cross, and the other my affection and regard for those who have served with me. Every day I am more and more sensible of the vastness of the mission and the opportunities of the American Red Cross as a medium and instrument for expressing the desire of all Americans to relieve the sufferings of the war and to deliver in a practical, helpful way, their support of those who are fighting their battle. Such an organization, with such a mission, offers to everyone in it an unequalled field for inspiring effort. Only service within the Army itself would have induced me to relinquish my share in this effort.

Lieut.-Colonel Ernest P. Bicknell is one of the ablest social workers of America, and had served the Red Cross in times of disaster long before this war. He is now Commissioner for Belgium

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The largest American Red Cross hospital in England—Sarisbury Court, five miles from Southampton. The hospital, set in a wonderful old world park of 186 acres, will have 3,000 beds. There is a complete farm equipment; and for the convalescents, boat-houses, tennis-courts, and baseball diamonds

Red Cross Hospitals in Great Britain

By Major William Endicott

Commissioner for Great Britain

A LITTLE more than a year ago, the American Red Cross Commission for Great Britain began its work. The anniversary of its arrival in Great Britain passed almost unnoticed, owing to the fact that it occurred at a time when every Red Cross worker in England was strenuously engaged in combating an epidemic of influenza among the American troops.

The Commission for Great Britain began its activities with a personnel of four. The exact nature and extent of the work which was likely to develop in Great Britain were then uncertain. The Commission was sent to England, in fact, mainly to find out what was likely to be necessary.

It was soon evident that the greatest and most important service that the American Red Cross could perform was to provide facilities for the care of American sick and wounded. Comparatively few American soldier

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The Manor House at Malabry, now the centre of an American military hospital

One of the many picturesque roads leading to the hospital at Malabry

The caretaker's lodge at Malabry where a hospital, including the Manor House and a settlement of portable houses, was planned for tubercular patients but ultimately was turned over to the United States Army

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patients were then in England; but within a few months the decision was made to disembark large numbers of American troops at British ports and also to bring to England thousands of American wounded from the northern part of the western front. With these new demands upon it, the work of the Red Cross Commission expanded so rapidly that the original personnel of four increased in a year until its total numbers ran into three and even four figures.

The number of American Red Cross hospitals has increased steadily, despite the fact that the larger hospitals have been turned over to the American military authorities as fast as they were completed. In providing these hospitals, the American Red Cross has steadily striven for quality as well as quantity, and nowhere in the world can the American soldier in hospital secure finer quarters, ampler facilities, or better care than in these institutions in Great Britain.

A visitor to London who wishes to be shown what "quality" means as applied to war hospitals, can find it a few blocks away from the American Embassy, in the American Red Cross Hospital for the United States Navy, which is located in one of the finest residences in the great metropolis—Aldford House, the home of Captain and Mrs. Frederick Guest. The building, built thirty years ago by one of the South African diamond kings, occupies an entire block in the finest residential section of London.

Other London hospitals belonging to the American Red Cross are the beautiful St. Katharine's Lodge in Regent's Park, an ancient Royal residence built by King George IV, which was turned over to the Red Cross by William Salomon, the New York banker; Baroda House, given by A. Chester Beatty, of New York, which was formerly the home of the Gaekwar of Baroda, an Indian potentate; Cannizaro, a convalescent hospital for officers, which occupies the ancient estate of the noble house of Dunsany and was given by Percy Chubbs, of New York; and the Lancaster Gate Hospital, under the direction of the Viscountess Harcourt.

Larger hospitals, which the Red Cross has built for the American soldier, include the Mossley Hill Hospital at Liverpool and the new Sarisbury Hospital near Southampton. One of the newest things at the Liverpool hospital is a huge pneumonia ward, completed just in time to be of the most important service during the influenza epidemic of the early autumn. This big pneumonia ward looks more like a great drill hall than a hospital building, but the army medical men say it is the best thing of its kind that has been done in England.

At Sarisbury, the Red Cross has succeeded in building a great base hospital without making heavy demands upon the sorely over-taxed market for building materials. The wood for the hospital has been cut from trees standing on the Sarisbury estate, while the walls and floors of the ten acres of buildings have been made from concrete for which the sand and gravel has been dug by American soldiers close at hand.

It is pleasant to acknowledge the great help and assistance which the Sarisbury project has had from friends of the Red Cross in all parts of the British Isles. A characteristic illustration of this spirit of coöperation was the action of the people of the little islands of Jersey and Guernsey in stocking the hospital farm with pure-bred cattle from their own farms. In making the gift, the patriotic people of the little islands noted that it was meant as "a token of appreciation of the American effort in the war." The cows were selected by a committee of farmers, who said in one of their appeals: "A year ago, when the food situation in England and the Channel Islands was a source of the greatest anxiety, the Americans voluntarily rationed themselves in order that we might have enough to eat. At the most critical moment in the history of this righteous war, America came to our assistance. America is now turning what might have been defeat and degradation into glorious victory. What can we do in return?"

The mere building of hospitals is only one side of the Red Cross hospital work. Auxiliary work in the big military hospitals has increased just as fast as other branches of activity, and in all the American base hospitals in England the Red Cross now maintains an ample staff of officers and other workers.

The extent and variety of the organization's gifts to the hospitals in England are enormous. At one hospital it is estimated that half the equipment came from the Red Cross. A very large part of all the surgical dressings, hospital garments, and similar accessories used in all the American hospitals is being furnished by the Red Cross.

Every wounded man in hospital has a daily or even hourly opportunity to make his wants known, either through the Red Cross officers stationed at his hospital or through the American women "visitors." These visitors, during the past year, have distributed literally millions of such comforts as cigarettes, chocolates, handkerchiefs, soap, shaving materials, and gloves.

The American soldier in hospital likes nothing better than to see and talk with women from his own country There were only about two hundred American women in Great Britain who were available for this work, and it is astonishing how thoroughly they have covered the field and how seldom an American soldier in hospital misses receiving a visit from them at least once a week.

The Home Communication Service has grown with the rest of the Red Cross machine, its business being to see that the soldiers are kept constantly in touch with home. This touch of home is an important factor in caring for men prone to a certain excusable homesickness. Practically all the detailed reports of the American hospital cases in England are made for the Home Communication Service by American women, members of the "Care Committee." More than 2,000 reports a week are now being made to Washington, and through Washington to the families in America of men in England. In all the camps and hospitals the soldiers are told that this service is available to them and are encouraged to make the fullest possible use of it.

Closely allied with the work of the hospital visitors is another form of women's activities, the manufacture of surgical dressings and hospital garments. This was really the first American Red Cross work under-

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Cannizaro, an estate at Wimbledon, near London, which has become American Red Cross Convalescent Hospital No. 102. The house was built in the time of Queen Elizabeth by Lord Dunsany, and the Dunsany arms show over the door

taken in Great Britain, and it has grown smoothly and rapidly and has always been able to meet every demand made upon it. The American Red Cross Workrooms in London now have thirty-five branches throughout England, employing more than twenty-five hundred workers. The monthly output is close to half a million separate articles, some of which go to every American hospital in England and to many hospitals in France.

A large number of the women employed in the larger workrooms are American volunteers, while others are paid workers—American, Belgian, and English women who have suffered financially and to whom the small payments made by the Red Cross are very helpful. One of the interesting "side lines" of the Workrooms is the manufacture of baseball uniforms for the American soldiers. Several hundred of these uniforms were manufactured during the first three days of July, in order to equip teams for the Fourth of July games that were held in about seventy American camps throughout Great Britain. The manufacture of these uniforms has continued, as fresh demands came in, one section of the Workrooms building in London being set aside for this purpose. Another new work which has recently been originated here is the manufacture of small "shoe polishing kits," for which there is a great demand among the soldiers.

During the latter part of the year, an outstanding feature of Red Cross activities in Great Britain was the rapid increase in service for American troops in transit. Numerous canteens were opened, mainly in the ports of debarkation and reembarkation, and they were immediately called upon to perform an enormous amount of work. They served mainly sandwiches, coffee, chocolate, and cigarettes. One of the port canteens, on the day it was opened, served eight thousand men between noon and mid-afternoon.

Almost on the day of the anniversary of the arrival of the Commission in Great Britain, there was received at London headquarters a letter from the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, who had just completed an inspection of some of the Red Cross work in southern England. His letter noted:

> On this trip I have received fresh and noteworthy evidence of the astonishing efficiency of Red Cross operations in France and England. I have been delighted to see how much the American Red Cross has done to weld together the hearts of the Allied peoples.

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At a hospital at Tours. Miss Mary Watt, an American Red Cross searcher, taking notes from these men about a man missing from their company

A Brother to France

By Lieut.-Colonel Harvey D. Gibson

Commissioner for France

THE American Red Cross in France represents the carrying out of one of the greatest humanitarian projects ever conceived; its immensity of outline is equalled only by the minuteness of its ideal. A great crusade organized to lighten the terrors of the Great War, its work is unique. Its record is equally spectacular and prosaic; but it is above all vital. It is only eighteen months old, but already it means more than any of us dreamed. Even with our intensive experience, we can not now foresee its ultimate growth and effects.

The Red Cross in France was the first visible evidence for the French people that America had entered the war. Preceding the Army and Navy activities, the Red Cross, with the promptness that has continued to characterize its work, landed on French soil in June, 1917—eighteen members under Major Grayson M.-P. Murphy.

This was France's dark hour—one of the darkest in the war and in her history. America was in the war; but America was very far away. Suffering was in every French home, and the German army was almost at the French heart.

After conference with General Pershing it was agreed that, until the arrival in France of our own Army and until its units were actually in the field, the Red Cross should endeavor to aid the French in addition to its preparatory work for the American troops. This help

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was given to both the civil and military populations and, although the need for it was immense and the practical results boundless, undoubtedly the greatest of its gifts, if an intangible one, was to make the French nation vitally conscious of the reality of the American alliance, by the swift, concrete evidence of American help.

We made contributions to four thousand French hospitals; gave artificial limbs to French mutilated soldiers; established canteens at the front, in the metropolitan zone about Paris, and on the lines of communication, where millions of poilus were warmed and fed. We subsidized French canteens that were closing for lack of funds; made gifts of money to soldiers' families, and to General Pétain for distribution among the needy of his armies; and also helped the French Red Cross organization financially. Our greatest help to the French undoubtedly was to stimulate their morale at a vital period. Our preparatory work and French civil and military relief filled the first eight months. Until then we needed only a small field force.

To-day France is divided into nine working zones, with Red Cross managers in each; and the administration of each zone is modeled upon that of General Headquarters in Paris. The balance of the work has changed; now the Red Cross deals primarily with the American soldier.

Our first year's preparatory work—the accumulation of stores, such as surgical dressings, tents, instruments, etc., a manufacturing plant for making splints, a nitric oxide plant for anaesthetics—was considerably advanced by the gift to them by the American Relief Clearing House of their equipment and personnel; and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss turned over to the Red Cross her Surgical Dressings Society, which is now the Surgical Dressings Branch of the American Red Cross. These gifts helped us to get a quick start. We organized a Transportation Department, Purchasing Department, and Stores Department, to work under the two great producing departments of Military and Civil affairs.

We thus immediately became a quasi-business and quasi-relief organization. Our difficulties were infinite—lack of personnel, transport, and various other war complications. But the spirit of our workers rose to each new obstacle. Nothing was too hard. The results are their recompense.

The *mobility* of the Red Cross service has become its distinguishing characteristic—probably because conditions made even efficiency subordinate to mobility. We were the emergency relief for the civil population of France. We are the emergency relief for the American Army.

We now have approximately ten thousand hospital beds for American soldiers. In one period of two weeks thirteen thousand American soldiers went through Red Cross hospitals. We have supplied

The children at the Trudeau Sanitarium at Hatchette, near Paris. Here the Red Cross maintains, in the Manor House, a hospital for the tuberculous. One hundred and eighty children are housed in newly built barracks near by

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millions of dressings and thousands upon thousands of splints.

The Red Cross has representatives at all base hospitals which serve to keep us in touch with the requirements; thus we have been able to help at critical times with large quantities of supplies. On one occasion, when there was a shortage of ether, twenty thousand tins were furnished by the Red Cross.

Our "Home and Hospital Section" includes such activities as "Home Communication," "Home Service," "Hut Construction," "Hospital Farms and Gardens," "Chaplain Service," "Hospital Decoration," "Graves Photograph Service," "Searcher Service." Searchers are attached to each statistical section of the Adjutant General's department and in each hospital subsection, except field hospitals, by order of General Pershing.

Details relating to men killed in action are collected carefully and sent to their families. We supplement as much as possible the official cable report which must of necessity be short. We obtain, also, through the Spanish Embassy and the International Red Cross, information about prisoners. There was never an auxiliary army service with activities so diverse and so widespread.

The dozens of Red Cross activities other than medical, which serve the Army zone itself, can only be lightly touched upon here. In general they all have one object—to keep up the spirits of the troops.

The canteens are perhaps the most important. We have established rest and refreshment canteens along the entire length of the railway belt line about Paris. These are called *Les Cantines des Deux Drapeaux*—Canteens of the Two Flags—and serve both American and French soldiers. Soldiers stopping en route at a *gare* are not allowed to leave it or to enter the town: tired, perhaps wet and cold, they are dependent on our canteens for hot food, comparative warmth, and a place to rest.

Our canteens dot all lines of communication. The American soldier finds in them American women who furnish a real approach to home comfort; rest rooms, where he can read and write his letters, and play games; dormitories with showers and infirmaries; rest houses, where the soldier sleeps comfortably for twenty cents and when the house is full auxiliary cots are provided for which no charge is made.

Allied with the canteen service is the *Goutte de Café* train platform service, which was established by the English and taken over by us. Hot coffee is served to soldiers on passing trains.

Our activities in the front lines range from bathhouses for wounded, each with an X-ray equipment, to theatres and farms for base hospitals and golf courses for shell-shock cases.

In the front lines, the sick and wounded are naturally given preference, but we also distribute recreative material—books, magazines, games. We have a front

An American Red Cross worker is introducing a group of Americans to the recreation tent at base-hospital No. 5 at Auteuil

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Enormous as is the demand for coffee and doughnuts at the Red Cross canteen at Tours, the workers have succeeded, with rare exceptions, in keeping well ahead of it

field or outpost service to deliver hot drinks and cigarettes, socks, underclothes, etc., to the men in the trenches.

In general, the object of our Army and Navy Department is to help the Allied soldier or sailor and, in the case of the United States soldier or sailor, to put ourselves at the disposal of every individual. We succor the wounded and look after the physical well-being of the soldier and sailor, and we also look after his morale and his mental healthfulness. Our services include such cases, handled by the Home Service Department, as births, marriages, legacies, lonesomeness, despondency, drunkenness, waywardness, deaths, mortgages, wills. If a soldier cannot settle these matters his morale is shaken; he cannot fight whole-heartedly. The Home Service Red Cross man says: "Tell your troubles to me; then forget them." And many a man has.

The American people can truly feel that the money they have given us is alleviating the suffering not only of their own kin, our soldiers, but also those of our Allies; that the work of the Red Cross in France during this war will have permanent and infinitely widespread effects in strengthening the bonds and sympathy among the Allied nations.

General Pétain, the great French commander, said in an interview given to an American correspondent just after our country came into the war: "Prepare yourselves as though the war would last ten years, but speed yourselves as though it would be over in six months." The American Red Cross must fight harder now than ever and combat, with all their energy and with the most consummate skill, the hosts of Death that always follow in the German wake.

Our hospital system has recently received a severe test of efficiency. The casualty lists show that we have had many wounded, and we are certain that everyone wants to know how the men, who have made us all feel proud that we are Americans, are being treated. We can say just this to the folks back home who see the names of their loved ones on the casualty lists as wounded: That no soldiers ever bore their suffering with greater fortitude and that no wounded men have ever received better attention. The American Red Cross is playing its part to make this result possible. Its part is essential and clearly defined. I am sure that every subscriber to the Red Cross funds, every one who has given a dollar, would feel that he had made a thousand per cent. upon his investment if he could get a picture of it all as we see it here in France.

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Carrying America's Message to Italy

By Lieut.-Colonel Robert P. Perkins

Commissioner for Italy

This article was written some weeks before the Austrian surrender, but it gives a clear picture of the work done by the American Red Cross in Italy during the past year.

FOR the first time in history American fighting troops recently marched upon Italian soil. The welcome they received from the King and people will never be forgotten. Their appearance was hailed as a new step in the progress of the war toward victory.

Better than any statistics, the true measure of the work done in Italy by the American Red Cross is to be found in Italy's confidence in America's friendship, in her power, in the sincerity of her motives, in her coöperation, in her unswerving determination to devote every resource to winning the war for humanity.

In innumerable ways this confidence in the American people finds expression daily. There is no place in Italy to which a man in the uniform of the Red Cross may go that he will not find a sure and sincere welcome.

The first American troops to arrive in Italy, drilling in the streets of Genoa

The *asili* of the American Red Cross in Italy number ninety-five. They care for more than twenty thousand children, ranging in years from three to six. The children receive elementary education from local school teachers or from nuns. Once a day they have a substantial meal of vegetable soup and bread or milk.

If you rode into one of the towns in Italy and stopped at the door of one of these schools you would hear children singing. The words would be strange to you, but you would recognize the hymn. It would be the "Star Spangled Banner", sung in Italian. Perhaps, after all, no better tribute to the American people, no more moving expression of affection, could be found than this love of our national anthem which has been born in the heart of Italy's children.

By means of the *asili* the mothers of the children are enabled to engage in work in the field or factory, earning enough to maintain their household There are more than fifty workrooms of the American Red Cross in Italy, where the wives and widows of soldiers may find employment. The ruling wage is two lire a day, a little more than thirty cents at the present rate of exchange. About three thousand women thus employed produced in a single month recently 105,929 articles of wearing apparel for children and soldiers

We have had nine refugee canteens at railway stations where, in a single month, 42,984 meals have been served to refugees—old men, women, and children. They come into these stations at all hours of the day and night, tired, hungry, destitute, homeless, and there they find men and women in the uniform of the American Red Cross, ready to give them a cup of hot chocolate or coffee, or a bowl of soup.

When the permanent American Red Cross Commission came to Italy last December, we numbered thirty-two; we now have a personnel of nearly a thousand

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Italian soldiers at the front lined up before an American Red Cross canteen. Besides the stationary canteens, the Red Cross maintains twenty rolling kitchens, which have served 750,000 light meals a month

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Italians and Americans actively connected with the organization. There are district captains who have charge of the organization in the fifteen districts into which the territory is divided. These captains are with one or two exceptions Americans, but there has been no attempt to impose anything foreign upon their districts. They all work with the people among whom they live.

In a single month last spring our agents distributed relief to 292,044 families of soldiers. The need was urgent, for distress was in many places acute. Our agents, traveling day and night, visited 7,051 towns. Everywhere they spread the message of the American people, the message of alliance, of consecration to the common cause.

The effect upon the spirit of the troops and of the people was unmistakable. The widespread German challenge of "bluff," invented to minimize America's effect upon the results of the war, had been met in a way the simplest could understand. It lost its hold upon the imagination of the people, and with it fell other German lies intended to weaken their morale. The threatened German-Austrian attack upon the Italian lines came, but the enemy found a wall of steel and fire and was thrust back beyond the Piave to the victorious cry of Italy: "Caporetto is avenged."

During the great battle, so important in its results, our own men were privileged to take part. With the French, English, and Italians fighting side by side, with our own regular troops not yet ready for work in Italy, America was represented by the Ambulance Corps of the Red Cross and its rolling kitchens. There were five sections of ambulances engaged—about 100 ambulances and twenty-five auxiliary motor vehicles—and 135 volunteers. They were in the thick of the fighting, working without respite. The number of wounded and sick they carried may not be published but, as some indication of their activity, it may be recorded that one section alone, during the ten days of severe fighting, traveled an aggregate of 4,210 kilometers, about 2,500 miles. In the six months ending July 31st last, our ambulances made 7,973 trips, covering an aggregate distance of more than 250,000 miles. The rolling kitchens were busy back of the firing line. There are twenty of these kitchens at the present time, which serve an aggregate of more than 750,000 light meals each month—coffee and jam that is craved by soldiers. Fifty-four men have received the War

A village in the Italian Alps taken not long after the Caporetto disaster, showing the wreckage caused by Austrian shells

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Looking down on a hospital situated somewhere at the Italian front, showing plainly the Red Cross on the roofs and American Red Cross ambulances in the courtyard

Cross of the Italian Government, ten have been awarded the silver medal for valor, and four the bronze medal for valor.

When the Austro-German offensive came in June, the emergency character of Red Cross work was strikingly shown. The Stores and Transportation Department, which has warehouses in all the principal Italian centres, had worked out a plan for just such an emergency and within a few hours after the call it had its vans and camions rolling to the front carrying supplies wanted in hospitals—beds, bedding, linen, surgical dressings, drugs, and surgical instruments. Of the several hundred Italian hospitals supplied regularly by the American Red Cross through its department of Medical Affairs, a large proportion are in the war zone. In seven months this department has filled the requirements of 2,629 hospitals, nearly all of which are military hospitals, and more than one thousand are in the *Zona di Guerra*. More than six million articles were sent out to the hospitals during that time from the central warehouse in Rome.

Home Service has been instituted by the Red Cross in Italy and preparations have been made to act in whatever way may be desired in connection with the hospital service. Our own hospitals number three, not including one which, completely equipped, has just been turned over to the United States Navy as a gift from the American Red Cross.

As the number of our soldiers increases so will the work of the Red Cross increase and change in character. The emphasis which, for reasons that I hope this article has made clear, has been laid on civilian relief will naturally swing to military relief. We must, however, be always prepared to meet any emergency and to fill the demand, and there is never any telling what the call may be. It may be, as was the case recently, a sudden call from Washington Headquarters to send relief to the stricken population of Mitylene, involving the quick expedition of our officers with a shipload of hospital and food supplies; it may be coping with an epidemic such as the Spanish fever which, in late September, caused the Italian Government to appeal to the American Red Cross; it may be the hasty but complete establishment and equipment of a large hospital; it may be the outpouring of refugees, such as caused us to build a new city for their care; it may be the urgent, varied demands of a new offensive. Whatever form the blight of war may take; whatever the nature or extent of the wounds that war may cause, the American Red Cross, as a representative and agent of the American people, must show itself ready and able to help.

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A Helping Hand for the Belgians

By Lieut.-Colonel Ernest P. Bicknell

Commissioner for Belgium

As we go to press, the Red Cross is moving forward in Belgium behind the army of occupation. But we present Colonel Bicknell's article as it was written.

A FEW miles back of Ypres there live to-day some children of the city in a Belgian orphanage which the American Red Cross, through its Belgian Commission, is supporting. They can see the gunflashes at night and the German planes by day. They can hear the sullen roar of the guns when the wind is right, and the bombs exploding in villages near by.

Yet these children live in a very beautiful part of France, the rolling country west of St. Omer rising from the city, looking over at its spires and towers, and across fields to Cassell Mountain in the blue distance. They have plenty of space to run in, plenty of grass to play on, plenty of trees and flowers.

These wards of the American Red Cross are in charge of the Curé of the Church of St. Pierre, Ypres, the good Father Delaere. He now has one hundred thirty-one young girls in this orphanage. The Curé fought for his church and his people in Ypres against shells and firebrands; again and again he helped extinguish the fire kindled on the roof of his church. He climbed up under shell fire and kicked off the brands. Until the final evacuation of the city he stayed and ministered to the people. He is a brave old man and a kind and good one. When at last he was ordered out of Ypres by the Minister of War himself, he gathered together the children who had been sheltered here and there and took them to the old château of the Counts of Wisque, where they are being wisely cared for.

The Abbé of Delaere, the Curé of Ypres, who, with the aid of the Red Cross, has established an orphanage for one hundred and thirty-one children at Wisque

This work that the American Red Cross is doing for the children of Ypres at Wisque is typical of its activities generally in Belgium. Father Delaere is typical of the Belgians who are coöperating so wonderfully with us.

Imagine, if you will, that you have just been to Belgium and to the northern part

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of France bordering on Belgium, and that while there you were taken to see some of the activities of the American Red Cross.

On your first day, you visited Coxyde-Ville, Coxyde-Bains, Oost-Dumkerke, Nieuport-Ville, and Nieuport-Bains, all constantly under fire, a network of trenches, the front lines of the fighting. The houses are ruins in tumbled-down confusion.

In the afternoon you saw Furnes, which has been almost entirely evacuated several times during the war and which was subjected to the worst bombardment in its history last March, when the remnant of its civil population fled in terror across the fields to our children's colony at Leysele. It is shelled practically every day now. In the college of Furnes lives M. Steyaert, *Commissaire d'Arrondissement de Furnes*, the representative of the civil government and one of the best and bravest men we know. Through him the Red Cross has been of constant aid to the poor people of this shell-ridden place. Until the recent advance of the Belgians he was the only individual living in Furnes, he and his faithful dog.

We then went down the big Furnes-Ypres road to Vinckem and visited the schools of Her Majesty the Queen. Here are 540 children brought together from the firing line of the Allies in Belgium. These children were exposed to gas and shell attack and in many cases their homes were destroyed and their parents killed. In other cases their parents were willing to stay on their farms to take care of their property; they sent their children away in Red Cross camions to places of greater safety.

You saw at Vinckem the building which is being built by the American Red Cross for the Queen (at a cost of $30,000) to care for children under four years of age. In the two schools which you visited you found children from four years to eight years of age in one establishment, and from eight to twelve years in the other establishment. We have now made it possible to take even smaller children. The school of Her Majesty is exceedingly well run. She will not permit anything which is fanatical along religious lines because she has there the children of catholics, liberals, and socialists.

A munition worker in Belgium arriving at the day nursery to get her baby, whom the Red Cross has guarded during the day

At Vinckem and Wulveringhem you also visited the great hospital of the Belgian Red Cross known as *"l'Hopital Ockan"* filled with patients evacuated from La Panne. This is the hospital of Dr. De-Page, one of the most famous surgeons of the world. This front-line hospital now takes care of 250 wounded men and 400 gas cases. It evacuates promptly back to its second-line hospital at Virval, near Calais, and to its third-line hospital at Mortain in Calvados. Doctor DePage is in charge of all.

The most distinguished American doctors who have visited the Ocean Hospital say that it is one of the very best in the world. Last summer the American Red Cross gave $100,000 to help build the hospital at Vinckem, and we have just given $200,000 directly to the Belgian Red Cross, which cannot appeal to people in Belgium for funds, and which finds itself with an absolutely empty treasury, now in the fifth year of the war.

You also saw at Vinckem or Wulveringhem—for they are places adjoining—the *Foyer du Soldat*, a large recreation hall for convalescent soldiers from the hospital and the soldiers in the camps near by. This was built by the Ocean Hospital and furnished by the *Appui Belge* and the "Gifts for Belgian Soldiers," with

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the financial assistance of the American Red Cross.

You also saw, just outside of Leysele, the barracks put up by the American Red Cross for children's use, but which for six months were occupied by several hundred of the refugees who fled from Furnes and other villages in March. There was no place for them to go, so we sheltered them temporarily until they could be sent away to places of safety in France. These beautiful barracks and lovely grounds have just been turned over to the new work for the saving of Belgian babies which we are organizing at the request of the Queen. American doctors and nurses have gone up to take charge of this establishment.

At LaPanne you saw the *Bains Militaires*, where one German shell gave us seventy casualties and where the American Red Cross was on hand at once to give emergency relief. Later we gave financial assistance to some of the families rendered destitute.

During our trips near the front, I showed you the Royal Palace where the Queen lives and told you of our supplying her with a fund of $1,000 with which to provide comforts for sick and wounded Belgian soldiers in hospitals and for other victims of the war. She is an admirable nurse, visits hundreds of cases every year, and knows the conditions of her people. She is able to give fruit and jelly and other kinds of food to the soldiers, which would have been impossible without the help of the American Red Cross.

You saw Hoogstaede and the Belgian Military Hospital, Costvleteren, Woosten, and Ypres. In all these places you passed camps of the soldiers and saw some of the tents for canteen work put there by the Gifts for Belgian Soldiers Fund of the American Red Cross. These tents are double and in the winter time are heated by stoves. They are the only places where thousands of soldiers have to go for warmth and light; after four o'clock in the winter time here it is quite dark.

You saw Ypres and the *Commissaire d'Arrondissement d' Ypres*, only a few miles away, which is looking after the refugees and has in hand an emergency fund from us.

Ypres is intensely interesting. It has been shelled and gassed as few other places. And Ypres is majestic in its ruin. So many men have struggled there, so many lives have been laid down there, so many acts of daring heroism are associated with the place, that it will always be very sacred ground. But more sacred than the bricks and mortar and fallen stones of the city are the people of Ypres.

I then took you to Renescure where you saw a hundred French children evacuated from Hazebrook, Nieppe, and a number of French villages occupied by the Germans in their big advance in March.

In Renescure I showed you the hospital of the Catholic sisters for the care of the tubercular, cancerous, lame, blind, and oldest and most repulsive people.

Schoolboys from the bombarded city of Nancy, drilling on the beach at St. Lunaire, in Brittany, where they were housed and fed and taught by the Red Cross

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Madame Rolin (on the right, wearing a dark felt hat), the sister of the Belgian Minister of Finance, maintains, with the help of the Red Cross, a day nursery for the children of Belgian women who are working to sustain the Army

These sisters also go out and visit the homes of sick people in the village. We are helping these Catholic sisters.

I told you that we are helping to care for more than six thousand children in France. We are helping the Belgian military hospitals at the rear. We are helping the most needy of the thousands of Belgian refugees in France, in England, in Switzerland, and in Holland.

We did not come here, after three years of war, to take the place of the societies which have been doing war relief work since the beginning; we came with the idea that we could learn from their experience, and help them carry out their work. We adopted the definite principle that we would not organize any machinery except in places where there was no machinery to do the work.

We are trying to keep up the courage of the Belgian Army; we are trying to keep up the morale of the Belgian people who have been away from their homes for all these long years; we are trying to save the next generation of Belgian babies so that they can grow up and rebuild the nation. We are trying to lay the foundation of an enduring friendship between Belgium and America.

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A wonderful work, which the American Red Cross is doing in Switzerland, is the reuniting of families. By ingenious card-indexing the Red Cross is able to locate and bring together fugitives from invaded districts, interned soldiers, and their relatives from France

Our Work in Switzerland

By J. Benjamin Dimmick

Commissioner for Switzerland

The day of closing these pages comes the news of the release of American prisoners. But many of the facts in Mr. Dimmick's article are practically unknown, and we print it without change of tense

THE first and foremost duty of the American Red Cross in Switzerland, acting as the representative of the American people, has been to care for American prisoners in Germany.

Each week packages, big heaping-measure packages, of solid and nourishing American food, together with tobacco, chocolate, jam, and other luxuries thrown in, have been shipped to our boys in Germany. In addition complete outfits of army clothing and toilet articles have been supplied to them.

The postcards acknowledging the receipt of these packages, signed by the American prisoners themselves, are in the files of the American Red Cross at Berne. These receipted postcards show that about 86 per cent. of all food and clothing packages shipped to our boys in Germany have actually reached them.

Members of the Spanish Legation at Berlin and other neutral emissaries regularly visit every camp in Germany where Americans are confined. Every complaint is investigated by the Red Cross at Berne, which has interviews with these Spanish, Swiss, and other neutral investigators when they make their regular visit to Switzerland.

On September 30, 1918, there were in German prison camps a grand total of 1,765 Americans, according to statistics received from Germany by the American Red Cross in Switzerland. This was an increase of 424 over the previous two-week period ending September 14. Of this total 145 were army officers, 3 were naval officers, 1,471 were soldiers, and 8 sailors. The rest were seamen, captured by German raiders and U-boats, and interned American civilians—138 in all.

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Up to September 15 the names of more than 20,000 German soldiers made prisoner by American troops had been sent by the American Red Cross in Switzerland through neutral sources to Germany.

At Buchs on the Austrian frontier the American Red Cross established a canteen and medical station where the Italian soldiers and refugees, fresh from Austrian and German prison camps, arrived each week. There were 24,000 Italian prisoners in Austria who were in a more or less advanced stage of tuberculosis.

Repatriated Italians arrived in filthy rags, some of them without shoes and with their feet encased in paper. Many were emaciated from starvation. Others had purulent wounds and almost invariably the exchanged soldiers had tuberculosis. The American Red Cross canteen, cooperating with the Swiss and Italian Red Cross officials, supplied these unfortunates with food, clothing, and other necessities and gave them medical treatment.

The Department for the Relief of American Prisoners of War was started in November, 1917, by Ellis L. Dresel of the American Legation in Berne. Mr. Dresel was assisted in the preliminary organization of this work by W. W. Husband and J. Cooke-Smith.

Mr. Dresel resigned in April, 1918, to take charge of the work of the War Trade Board in Switzerland. At that time there were 211 American prisoners in Germany.

Major Carl Taylor, of the Red Cross, was sent from France to handle temporarily the work pending the arrival of Carl P. Dennett, of Boston, who sailed for Switzerland on May 6, 1918, to organize the relief work of American prisoners of war on the large scale demanded by the inevitable increase in prisoners due to the large military forces being sent by the United States to France.

Mr. Dennett was accompanied by Atholl McBean, of San Francisco, who assumed responsibility for the transportation, packing, storage, and shipping of relief supplies.

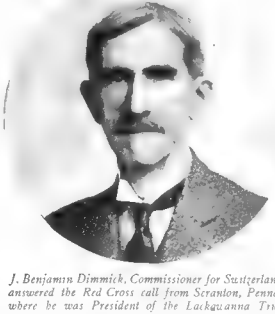
Upon his arrival Mr. Dennett placed orders for supplies sufficient for 20,000 men for a period of six months. One-quarter of these supplies were shipped to Copenhagen and one-quarter to Lausanne to guard against interruption in transit.

New and improved methods of communication were established for locating American prisoners of war in Germany and for transmitting this information to America. Connections also were made with General Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces in France and, by special arrangement, lists of all German prisoners in the hands of the American forces were transmitted to Germany through the American Red Cross at Berne.

American prisoners of war in Germany were traced through the American Red Cross Prisoners of War Department at Berne. The Red Cross received from American General Headquarters in France lists of all missing men and from Germany lists of all American prisoners.

The list of American prisoners received from Germany was telegraphed at once upon receipt to American General Headquarters in France, and cabled to the American Red Cross in Washington which, in turn, notified the families of the men.

As soon as a prisoner's name and address was received a package of food was sent to him from the Berne storehouses, together with clothing, tobacco, toilet articles, and supplies of all sorts.



J. Benjamin Dimmick, Commissioner for Switzerland, answered the Red Cross call from Scranton, Penna., where he was President of the Lackawanna Trust Company and connected with many business interests

The centre of all American Red Cross activities in Switzerland is at Berne, the capital, where at 6, Hirschengraben, the Commission occupies the old offices of the American Legation as well as several floors of an adjoining building. A three-story warehouse and a half dozen storage sheds have been rented at Bumpliz, three miles from Berne, and in addition a new building has been constructed near by.

Another reserve warehouse for the storage of additional supplies for 5,000 prisoners for six months was opened at Renens, near Lausanne, while a similar reserve warehouse was established at Copenhagen to cooperate with the Swiss reserve warehouses.

At all three warehouses large forces were constantly employed in packing food, tobacco, and supplies and in assuring their proper transportation into Germany. A clerical staff in Berne kept in constant communication with the prisoners in Germany.

As soon as the name and prison-camp address of an American prisoner in Germany reached Berne it was sent to the storehouse and packing plant. There was then immediately sent to him a food package containing 2 lb. roast beef, 2 lb. salmon, 2 lb. corned beef, 1 lb. butter, three cans baked pork and beans, 2 lb.

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prunes, figs or raisins, 10 packages hard bread in summer and fresh-baked bread in winter, 100 cigarettes, coffee, sugar, salt, soap, towels, hair brush, comb, razor, shaving soap, tooth paste, tooth brush, paper, two suits of underclothing and a postcard to be sent to the American Red Cross at Berne on which the prisoner acknowledged receipt of the package and stated what else he desired.

Each week thereafter a similar package was sent him and each month he received 1 lb. hard candy, 2 lbs. jam, a pipe, smoking tobacco, or cigarettes, as he preferred, together with a half pound of drinking chocolate.

If the prisoner needed a new uniform, overcoat, hat, or shoes, he indicated his measurements on the card sent him and uniforms to measure were made at Berne from material stored there. Insignia of rank accompanied each uniform.

A card index was kept showing each prisoner's name and that of his nearest relative or friend in the United States who were immediately informed by the Red Cross at Washington, by telegraph, so that letters might go forward to the prisoner at once.

At each camp there was a committee, with officers chosen by the prisoners themselves, which made a monthly report of receipts of food and clothing and stated any special requirements. These committees were supplied with extra stores so that new prisoners might be given proper food, clothing, and toilet articles immediately upon arrival and pending the receipt of their personal packages from Berne. The American Red Cross also transmitted to prisoners all money and parcels sent to them by relatives and friends.

An appropriation has been made by the Red Cross for the relief of civilians of the United States or of the Allied nations in Switzerland or in transit, and a further and large appropriation for the construction, supply, and maintenance of hospitals, huts, canteens, and homes for interned American and Allied officers and soldiers.

Dr. Worcester, of the American Red Cross Commission, has been making extensive preparations for the reception of the first interned American prisoners. The invalid prisoners of war who have come out of Germany require mental and moral upbuilding. For many months they can be given only the lightest manual labor, and to meet this condition the Swiss Government and the American Red Cross encouraged the opening of ateliers and workshops at the various internment camps. These workshops are not self-supporting and the Red Cross is devoting large sums to their maintenance. Whenever possible these workshops are brought under the supervision of the American Red Cross and recently several ateliers have been established where needy Swiss women make hospital supplies and articles for internes.

A close coöperation is maintained with the Swiss Red Cross and the International Red Cross. Hospitals operating under the auspices of neutral and Allied nations, where Allied soldiers and civilians as well as neutral citizens are undergoing treatment for disease, wounds, or tuberculosis contracted in German prison camps, are constantly being assisted by the American Red Cross.

A donation of $100,000 has been made to the Swiss Red Cross which is being used for the benefit of soldiers of the Allied nations in transit through or interned

The freight shed at Bumplitz, near Berne, where on Saturdays the trains, loaded with food and clothing boxes, left for the prison camps in Germany

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Professor H. R. Fairclough, of Leland Stanford University, overseeing canteen work in Switzerland—in this case feeding Italians who are being repatriated through Buchs, on the Austrian border

in Switzerland. Part of the money is being used to relieve distress among the Swiss civilian population. Carloads of white flour are regularly arriving in Switzerland from America. American food stuffs have delivered Switzerland from a serious economic situation.

In addition to the $100,000 mentioned, substantial appropriations have been made for societies doing relief work in Switzerland and for the relief of Swiss families whose sons or fathers are in the service of the United States Army.

Two Russian relief societies in Berne and others at Geneva and Lausanne are being assisted regularly. The American Red Cross also is operating workrooms where the wives and daughters of Swiss soldiers who are in reduced circumstances are making clothing and surgical supplies.

More than 800,000 French and Belgian evacuees from the invaded districts of Belgium and northern France have passed through Switzerland from Germany up to September 1, 1918. The evacuées enter Switzerland at Basle and pass out at Bouveret at the rate of about 8,500 a week.

The sum of $100,000 has been set aside for the relief of these evacuées, especially the children of the invaded districts. The condition of these aged refugees and undernourished children is deplorable and the American Red Cross is working day and night to relieve their distress.

The American Red Cross in Switzerland, coöperating with the American Red Cross in Belgium and certain Swiss societies, is feeding, lodging, clothing, and educating 500 Belgian children in special institutions.

With Switzerland as a base, a determined effort is being made by the American Red Cross to assist Serbia. Fifty thousand dollars is being used for the relief of Serbian officers and students who are cut off from their own country. Out of this fund there are being supported at Montana and Leysin in Switzerland, nearly one hundred sick Serbian officers and Serbian medical students who are being shown especially how to care for tuberculosis cases. Later they will be sent back to Serbia to treat the Serbian civilian population.

Destitute Rumanians in Switzerland also have been given financial and medical aid, $20,000 in all being devoted to their needs. Turkish Armenians who escaped the Turkish massacres and fled into Switzerland were given generous aid by the American Red Cross.

During the epidemic of Spanish grippe, which caused hundreds of deaths in Switzerland among Swiss soldiers and the civil population, the Swiss hospitals were filled to overflowing and hundreds of cases were without hospital accommodation or buildings for isolation.

In this emergency the American Red Cross offered any part of $100,000 that might be necessary to provide immediate relief. The offer was accepted by the Swiss Government with expressions of profound gratitude and the money has been used in providing immediate relief and in preventing the further spread of the disease.

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The Evening Skyline of Jerusalem.—A photograph taken from the Mount of Olives

The Red Cross in Palestine

DR. John H. Finley, Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine, landed just as we go to press, after a remarkable journey—three weeks from Jerusalem to New York. Not anticipating Dr. Finley's quick return we had asked Mr. Charles W. Whitehair to write what he saw of the Red Cross work in the Holy Land. Mr. Whitehair is a noted Y. M. C. A. man; he went to Palestine at the invitation of General Allenby; he was with Dr. Finley; he is an admirer of the American Red Cross and a warm friend of our Commissioner. By reducing the space assigned to Mr. Whitehair's article, we are able to insert at the last minute this beautiful bit from Dr. Finley himself.

Palestine Just Over the Horizon

By Colonel John H. Finley

American Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine

PALESTINE does not now seem to me so far away. It is just over the edge of the horizon. The sun now comes up always for me over the mystical mountains of Moab and walks with shining sandals upon the waters of the Dead Sea, where I saw it so often from the Mount of Olives, which is also known as the "Mountain of Light." The sun now goes down always in the glory that hangs over "Jerusalem the Golden." The crescent moon will always have beneath it the dome of the Mosque of Omar that stands near the site of the Temple of Solomon. The stars, since my journey by night from Beersheba, will always be those that Abraham was unable to count, and the twilight shadows will always be those that gather in the Valley of Kidron about the Garden of Gethsemane.

I wish that I could put this sacred land upon the horizon of every American, this land in all its misery, sadness, and barrenness, and yet with all its holy associations for Jew and Gentile, Moslem and Christian. The great doctrine of universal brotherhood that was first preached in this land by One who is its author, whether He is looked upon as the Saviour or as the greatest of teachers; the divine doctrine, exemplified so wonderfully in America in these latter days, is spreading again to the land of His birth—must fill it with that spirit which has its highest and noblest expression in the Red Cross.

I was standing one morning at service in a little chapel on the summit of the Mount of Olives, and in a bit of bewilderment, not knowing the forms

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of the church. A sacristan had brought me a carpet on which to stand or kneel, and a few minutes later a woman (I think she was a Russian pilgrim stranded there by the war) approached me and, seeing the mark of the Red Cross upon my collar, said in the French tongue: "*Quelle croix? grecque ou latine?*" ("What cross? Greek or Latin?") I finally understood that she wished to have me answer what was to her the most vital question as to how I made the cross, after the manner of the Greek Church or the Latin Church. There was but one answer. I said, "*Croix rouge*" ("Red Cross") the Red Cross which is the symbol not of any one faith but of human brotherhood, of universal mercy.

That is to me the great lesson which the merciful ministrations of the Red Cross must carry to the rest of the world, and above all other places to Palestine, where the lines of sect are hard and fast, but which are beginning to be somewhat dimmed by the helpful service that the Red Cross is seeking to give to all, without discrimination as to creed or race.

I carried to Palestine with me a letter which was given to me a few nights before I started by Mrs. August Belmont. It was a copy of a letter written by a Tommy out in Palestine to his wife.

Ay, Dearie—when I comes home again, and please God Dearie that will be soon now Dearie, the Pastor can't say nothin' to me Dearie about the Holy Land, but I'll have zommat to say to he. He only knows it from books and such like Dearie an showed it on lantern slides—while all these days I'm here walkin in holy places an knows 'em like Dearie, fightin for 'em which you would be surprised to know where I'm writin Dearie, ay! I'll have zommat to say to Pastor, so will close Dearie,

From your loving Husband.

I have carried this letter about with me from Beersheba to Dan and from Jaffa to Jericho, and even up into the mountains beyond Jordan, and I thought that I should have somewhat to say, not only to the Pastor, but to many others when I got back. But I am in the state of mind in which, no doubt, Tommy was when he got back to his own country and to his "Dearie." The Holy Land to him was then his own land and the Holy Place that in which his wife and children and

Colonel Finley standing in a group of Armenian boys, who are about to leave Jerusalem for the refugee encampment at Port Said

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friends were. And so to me the Holy Land is America, realizing in its spirit the teachings of the Great Master who taught and wrought among the hills of Galilee—but America with Palestine just over her horizon.

The Tribute of a "Y" Man

By Charles W. Whitehair

IN 1916, when in Egypt and the Sinai Peninsula, I saw the splendid work then being done by the American Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee, but which is now being directed by the Red Cross. During the past few months, I have been again in Palestine, and have come in direct touch with the work of the newly appointed American Red Cross Commission.

It is most pathetic to see how the country has been devastated by the Turkish Army. The entire population has been brought to the verge of famine and starvation.

The Turks, from the beginning of the war, commandeered not only the cattle and other food supplies of the country but took from the civil population whatever they wanted. The country has been dependent upon two outside sources for its food supplies. The first is by sea, through Jaffa, and the second chiefly by camel transport overland from the districts beyond the Jordan The supply by sea was cut off immediately upon Turkey's entry into the war; the other source was almost eliminated, for farmers soon learned that their produce, brought across the Jordan, was seized by the Turkish Army and their camels commandeered.

In 1916, the whole of Palestine was visited with a terrible plague of locusts. These little insects ate everything in the fields, and left the country looking as though it had been swept by fire.

Typhus was soon rampant in many of the districts, and cholera broke out. In Damascus, with a population reckoned at around four hundred thousand, it is estimated that more than a hundred thousand persons were carried off in two years by famine, executions, deportation, cholera, and typhus.

In the Holy City, starvation and pestilence swept off hundreds of the population. The Turks deported hundreds, and a more wretched place it would have been hard to find.

The condition of the Turkish soldier is beyond belief; his pay, being approximately 50 cents per month in peace times, is worth in actual value about seven and a half cents. His clothing consists of rags, and most of the men are without shoes Whenever a camel dies they cut its skin into pieces to tie about their feet, many of them being bare-footed

Palestine was further devastated by the Turks, who cut down for firewood a large number of the olive trees—the greatest internal resource. It will take years to bring the olive groves back to normal state.

I marvel at the wisdom shown in the selection of the Syrian Palestine Red Cross Commission. The nurses had been medical missionaries in Syria before the war, some of them having worked in Palestine. Probably no American doctor knows the Near East as well as Colonel Ward. Before the war he was connected with the Medical College at Beirut; and during the present war, before America entered it, he was on a number of medical missions throughout the Turkish Empire.

At the head of the entire Commission was Dr. John H. Finley, the prominent American educator. His untiring effort to get acquainted with every phase of life in the country was beautiful to see. He walked from village to village, so as to get in direct touch with the needs of the whole population. Just before I left the country he had gone by foot from the sea coast overland to the Jordan.

Among the many activities inaugurated by the Commission the following are especially noteworthy:

As the country is practically without medical service, hospitals are being opened. In addition, the doctors and nurses are establishing dispensaries in many of the villages.

The poverty is so extensive that the only hope for relief is the one which the Red Cross is following, that of starting useful industries which will make the participants self-supporting and self-respecting.

In addition to the suffering people of Palestine hundreds and thousands of Armenians and Syrians have managed every day to get through the Turkish lines. The Red Cross is helping them with food and clothing.

Abandoned and refugee children are at once taken in hand and given clothing and food and put into orphanages in which the Red Cross is starting schools.

The farms of Palestine have been so devastated by the Turks that it will be a tremendous problem to get them going again. But in the Red Cross Commission are agricultural experts, who took with them from America engines, trucks, tractors, and farm implements, so that as rapidly as possible the rehabilitation will go forward

As an American, I am proud and thankful that America has the privilege of stretching out helping hands to the most sacred and hallowed country in all the world.

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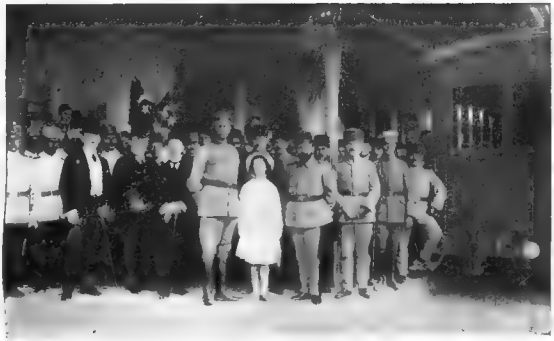

The two photographs on this page are German pictures captured by the British when they entered Jerusalem. The upper one shows General Falkenhayn and Djemal Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish forces in Palestine, known as "the most cruel man in Turkey." The lower one shows Turkish cavalry with lances, west of Beersheba and moving toward Jerusalem

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Gifts from the Wounded

By Emily Frances Robbins

Illustrations by J. Henry Bracker

WHEN I took with me to the hospital, where I had heard there was a wounded man back from France, such sundry little gifts as I could think of for his comfort and welfare, I did not know that I was to receive from him gifts the value of which I could never reckon —gifts from the wounded!

Whatever might be the needs of men going overseas, I was sure that this one, who had returned disabled by a German bomb dropped on a hospital, would require every solace and service which any one could bestow. For those going into battle, there is the stimulation of uncertainty, of hope against disablement. For those brought back from battle, there is grim certainty. Many soldiers who have gone bravely into battle face disablement with despondency and despair

I found the ward, with its broad middle aisle and double row of beds. Some of the men were lying on their beds in bathrobes and slippers; one was tucked, flat and comfortable, under the bedclothes; another was practising on newly acquired crutches. A boyish individual was rolling himself recklessly about in a wheel chair. How was I to find the one I had come to see?

One of the patients came to my assistance. Around his neck was a broad leather collar covered with white; it reached nearly to his ears and held his head high. He told me, over the top of his collar, that Private M——, whom I had come to see, had gone for a ride as part of the hospital schedule. He suggested that I wait.

He escorted me down the aisle. All the men were soldiers injured on this side of the water, he told me. I inwardly speculated upon what must be the degree of their bitterness, on being disabled without having any of the glory of fighting. I knew that the man at my side noticed me looking at the thing around his neck and so, with a smile for assurance of good fellowship, I asked him what it was for. With a responsive comradeship, and exactly the right balance between seriousness and good nature, he said he had broken his neck.

I quickly concealed my astonishment, as well as my admiration for his good cheer, lest I remind him of the gravity of his situation. It developed in the course of conversation that the injury had come from an automobile accident, and that a piece of bone was gone from his skull and one side of his whole body was affected. But in his mind was only an intense desire to get back into service. "What I want is to get out of here and be doing my share," he said.

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The ward ended in a many-windowed room, where one woman teacher was showing several patients how to make baskets, and another was guiding a man in the operation of a hand-machine that was supposed to turn out a knitted sock. With the ideal ability of true leaders, these teachers were apparently a little more intensely and a little more tirelessly interested than their most enthusiastic pupil.. Something went wrong with the knitting machine, and I half suspected the trouble was much exaggerated by the clever teacher when I saw the eagerness with which the pupil seized the opportunity to take it to pieces. "Right in my line," he declared, and he tinkered and filed, until he was quite happily oily, and mussy, and sloppy.

A huge-framed, ruddy-faced ex-farmer, with a bandaged foot, sat near by plying four amber needles, knitting a skull cap—at least, that is what he said it was. I offered to teach him a more nimble method of flicking the yarn over with his forefinger, instead of loosing his grasp of the needle each time and carrying the thread around with his whole hand; but he contended that he had a way of his own, and assured me he was no novice at the game, having knit mittens and scarfs when he was a small boy in Montana. He deplored the inefficiency of machine knitting. He compared it unfavorably with his own superior hand method—knit two, purl two, knit two, purl two. He never dropped a stitch, he boasted, although he had to hurry because, besides this gray cap, he had one to make in yellow and black that had been "ordered" by a fellow who was going away.

A man with his arm in a sling spread the news that there was to be a concert. "regular grand opera." A basket-maker declared that it was too much trouble to go, as folks had to dress in a high collar for grand opera. Whereupon my friend with the injured neck had his triumphant moment; he could go without question!

Several of them were talking at once. A new invalid with a cane limped to the door in the midst of the chattering. He called, "Archibald! (a name chosen to conform to the collar) Archibald!" In the noise none of the men noticed him. He stamped his cane vigorously, and called more loudly, with a proprietary familiarity, "Archibald!" But he was not heard, and whatever the important message was, he turned away, immediately diverted by a joke with a comrade by his side.

"Archibald's" attention was occupied by two little girls, who had come in to distribute candy. One of them was introducing the other, and saying that when she first came to this ward, the doctors

"'Right in my line,' he declared, and he tinkered and hammered and filed!"

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had the soldier's head rigged up with a tackle from the ceiling. "Why were they doing that?"

"Oh, just being good to me, and giving me a good time," "Archibald" explained.

"Did you get hurt very much?" the other little girl inquired.

"Paralyzed my side," he admitted, "and fractured my skull, and broke my neck—nothing very serious," he added, without a change of expression.

I marveled at the saving grace which lies in adaptability. Every man here represented a private tragedy, of some degree or other every man was held by the hand of Fate from doing what he wanted to do. But every man had the ability to stretch his capacity-to-be-happy, otherwise known as his "sense of humor," and to make it cover the circumstances in which he found himself.

A white-clad nurse appeared. There was a lowering of the din. A doctor followed her. He gave her brief instructions and she answered him in a low voice which had the quality of having spoken at many bedsides. She attended strictly to her routine—a thermometer, a pulse, a record in a book; another thermometer, another pulse, and so on. Quickly and noiselessly, from one to the other, she worked like a person accustomed to having much to do in the plain business of getting well. "Archibald" took the opportunity to speak to the doctor in a corner. In his simple, direct manner, he asked if he might not now be put back into service. He knew he could not go into the infantry, he said, but he was ready to do something else. The doctor explained as kindly as he could that there was at present no system that used a man if he wasn't up to standard; that he was either fit to fight, or not fit to fight.

I pictured "Archibald," having left his little town (and "Betty," as I learned from the badinage) a future hero, proud in his uniform, amidst the drums and the music and the cheering; I pictured him discharged for disablement, in his old clothes again, going back, with none of the glamor about him of having been "over there," and none of the glory of having fought. And in the long stretch of future years, broken necks are broken necks. But I knew that "Archibald" had a gift from the gods which is a weapon against the bitterness of any tragedy; that he had those fine qualities of the good sport in adversity that represent the gentleman's agreement with Fate.

A messenger announced that Private M—— was back from his ride, and asked the big Montana farmer to "give him a lift." In another moment I was by his bed, on the edge of which he had just been placed. I was looking into clear young eyes that had a peculiarly upright quality; but what I was really seeing, with a pang, was the empty bottoms of the long trousers. I tried to explain that I had come to call, to help, that I had hoped I might assist—but I entirely forgot what I had intended to say.

His lips parted and his eyes smiled and he held out his hand, just as if the handsome face to which they belonged, and the thoughts and character behind it, had no connection with those empty trouser-ends. I knew it was the same expression as when there had been feet—the expression of wholesome bright thoughts, high inherent principle, and assurance of a normal life ahead.

He did not begin eagerly, like one obsessed with his great misfortune, when I asked him if he cared to talk about his experiences. He settled himself comfortably against the pillows, and in his quiet manner told me first how the Germans had sent word that they intended to bomb six hospitals, but that nobody believed they would attempt to carry out such an atrocious plan.

"Two other fellows and myself were lying on cots in one of the hospital tents," he said. "We were tired from long guard duty, and had gone to sleep. Suddenly there was an awful explosion about two hundred feet away. I jumped up, but as I did so instantly there was a horrible blast through the tent and I was in the midst of a great green light.

"When I became conscious again, I heard one of the fellows groaning near me in the darkness. I tried to rise from the ground, but my feet would not hold me. There was no pain at that time. After awhile a doctor came, with a lantern. Both of the other men were dead.

"Later there was awful pain and then the operating room, and a lot of other fellows there, wounded and re-wounded, waiting their turns. There was no complaining among them. It seems to be the spirit of the hospital not to flinch. I begged the doctor to save my feet.

"The worst was later—when they told me. 'It had to be,' the doctor said."

Not self-pity, but simple dignity and fortitude were in his face, when he tried to describe his effort to accept the inevitable. He had always been very active, he said—baseball, football, and every other sort of sport. A short time after the first operation, gas gangrene set in, which necessitated more surgery, only a little later to have more surgery still—five times they had to operate, until there was little left of his two legs.

"At my weakest period there was a fellow who died in the bed next to mine," he said. "He had been injured in the spine and could not move. He moaned for the doctor to come and turn him, but he was no sooner turned than he moaned to be

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turned again, and again, until they did not pay attention to him any more. Still he moaned and begged. The beds were so near together that he was lying practically by my side. The figure of his brother seemed to come and stand at the foot of his bed, for he called for him to help him. 'Just come and help me get my hands out of bed, Jack! Why won't you come? Why won't you help me?' And then, in a lower voice, he gasped, 'Too late—too late!' And he died, a foot away from me.

"I finally became delirious. It was while I was on the dangerous list that the next bombs were dropped. A handful of German coins came down, as an expression of mockery. It was their idea of humor.

"It makes a great change in a fellow," he continued. "He isn't the same any more. He has a new insight into the sufferings of others when he's been through it himself. His heart is bigger. I feel kinder and more unselfish toward everyone. And now I am getting strong, and am eager for my new feet, and to try to walk. They have never had a man with such short stumps as mine try to walk on artificial legs; it is an experiment. They will teach me first with a walking machine. But they needn't worry about me. It is a shoulder and body movement—if they'll just give me the apparatus, I'll guarantee that I will do the rest!"

Quickly and noiselessly she worked, like a person accustomed to having much to do in the plain business of getting well

Thus I sat and listened, by the side of this dear, courageous young athlete. I asked him what he was going to do in the way of work, thinking that here I would find an opening for my service. He said he had hoped there might be a place for him in the aviation corps; he had heard that men fly who have only one foot and have to be lifted into their machines, and so he had hoped they might take a man who had lost both feet. But he added that the doctors had told him that there might be a chance for him to do work right there—"reconstruction" they called it, among the men who will return injured like himself. "Why, they tell me," he said, "that some of the fellows who come back wounded are despondent!"

Supper was brought to my friend on a wooden tray. I grasped his strong young hand to say good-by. Again he smiled, with that same clean courage. I had come to give, but had remained to receive, and to take away.

And you understand how it is that a great physician, who has lived in the world of illness until he has learned the value of health as well as any man can ever know it, has come to say, "A physical burden bravely borne makes a strong man, whose moral force in a community is worth a score of mere man-machines"

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Merritte W. Ireland, the new Surgeon-General, who has won his way to the high office he holds through persistent energy, great resourcefulness, and steady efficiency. His motto is "Pronto"—a word meaning "prompt"—which he brought from his service in the Philippines

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The New Surgeon-General

How Merritte W. Ireland, whose motto is "Pronto," rose to the top of the United States Army Medical Department

By R. E. Turpin

AN AMERICAN general at the battle front had distinguished himself. The cables brought over little more than the mention of his name. The American people were not satisfied; they wanted to know more about the general. Therefore, it was necessary, in a thousand newspaper offices, to look up the general's record before this war—back, even to boyhood days in the town where he grew up. Had he ever been in a fight before? Where?

In nearly every case the trail led back to the Spanish-American War; and in that war and in the fighting that followed in the Philippines, the general, then a young lieutenant or captain, was beheld in the thick of some battle or skirmish, holding his line against heavy odds or leading his men forward over hotly contested ground. The scene on that far-off day—in the quality of bold leadership, or swift resourcefulness to meet multiplying difficulties, or sure grasp of the principles of organization in bringing order out of chaos—was recognized as a sort of prediction of the new distinction won by the American general. Not only was a young officer named Pershing found there exhibiting that initiative which would be satisfied with nothing less than the front, but the same was true of March, Liggett, Bullard, Bundy.

So also was it true of Major-General Merritte W. Ireland, the new Surgeon-General of the United States Army. In his instance the prophetic scene was a coral reef on the shore of Cuba, at Siboney. That place had been designated as a base hospital, under the command of Major Louis La Guarde. His executive officer was Captain Ireland. At Santiago, a few miles away, the American forces were maneuvering for position before striking at the enemy. Then came the battle, and in a few hours the first of 1,500 wounded were on the way by train to the base hospital at Siboney. Everything had been made ready in advance, with the limited resources available, but supplies had been delayed. There were not even hospital tents. As executive officer this emergency fell upon Captain Ireland. He had been waiting for it ever since his graduation from Jefferson Medical College, in 1891 when, at the age of 24, he had obtained his appointment as Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army. When the trains began to unload the wounded there was a long row of tents stretching along the sands of the coral reef. They were never intended to shelter wounded men; they were mess tents, the side-tracked property of some Michigan regiment, but they served the purpose. Somehow Captain Ireland had obtained possession of them.

In the trying days that followed the young captain's energy and resourcefulness became more and more apparent. Malaria, dysentery, yellow fever appeared. Some of the surgeons had been selected because, being from the South, they had been in yellow fever epidemics and were supposed to be immune. Major La Guarde, up to his ears in work, thought with apprehension of the risk run by his now invaluable executive officer, who was from Columbia City, Indiana. Fifteen surgeons succumbed to the plague, but through it all went the young captain with invincible cheerfulness and firm efficiency. The magic of his abounding vitality resisted all contagion.

One duty arose above all others, and that was to get the wounded on hospital ships bound for the United States, before the plague struck in heavily among them. This was a special problem, with many jarring difficulties; but it was accomplished under the immediate direction of Captain Ireland with little delay. At length Major La Guarde himself was stricken, and greater duties were shifted to the shoulders of the young officer. With willing hands he accepted them, but those who watched him and who depended on him were afraid he would overdo;

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they tried to suggest some way for relaxation, rest. But Captain Ireland had found his own relaxation and it was characteristic of the man. It was to take a ride on one of the locomotives running in connection with the hospital and, substituting for the engineer, to pull open the throttle and let her run!

For his services at Siboney, on the recommendation of Major La Guarde, Captain Ireland was brevetted major.

Some time after the Spanish-American War Major La Guarde, later promoted to a colonelcy and now on the retired list, was called to Washington. General O'Reilly became Surgeon-General. Many of the Headquarters officers at Washington had held positions since the Civil War. There was sore need of new blood. General O'Reilly asked Colonel La Guarde if he knew where he could find a live man for personnel officer.

"Send for Ireland," was the recommendation.

Ireland was called to Washington from Manila, where for three years after the Spanish-American War he had served as Medical Supply Officer. While there he became acqu. .nted with the Spanish word *pronto*, meaning prompt! There was a lethargy over the native world in the Philippines. The Major, in making supplies reach their destination without delay, found that word a lifesaver. He used it so much and to such purpose that La Guarde, then also on duty at Manila, nicknamed him "Pronto." To this day his intimates in the service know him by that name for he still says, "*Pronto*", in Washington when things get into a jam.

At that time, in 1902, the desks in the Medical Department at Washington were overloaded with papers involving the business that had accumulated in the years of rapid development after the war. Ireland inherited one such desk In a short time he had cleared away the papers and was looking for more.

"Ireland always has a clean desk," said General O'Reilly, after he had seen his new personnel officer in action for a month or so. The comment spread through the Department as a stimulating example to others. But his was not a mere hard, metallic efficiency bent on selfish achievement and nothing else. He has always been thoroughly human, taking his work but never himself seriously, with a joke apropos to the occasion of one of his own or a fellow's shortcomings. Even in his commands there was, on the surface of the underlying earnestness, the trace of a jest.

Major Ireland remained in the Surgeon-General's office for ten years, until 1912, becoming familiar with every branch of the executive work there. He was unconsciously schooling himself for a great task, for the thought could never have entered his head that in six years, at the age of 52, he was to be the head of a medical department expanded beyond the dreams of any one.

In 1915 came our trouble with Mexico. Pershing was ordered to the border, to pursue Villa into Mexico. At Fort Sam Houston was the base hospital of the expedition; it assumed a sudden and vastly enhanced importance. The hospital had to be enlarged, in haste but with thoroughness. There was one man in the Medical Department known above all others for both haste and thoroughness. Ireland was ordered to San Antonio.

It was a less difficult job than that first one at Siboney, with facilities near at hand. The hospital was enlarged on time. General Pershing saw Lieutenant-Colonel Ireland at work. It was in the logic of events that, after we entered the war, Pershing should ask that Ireland be sent to France with him. In June, 1918, Brigadier-General Ireland was appointed, by General Pershing, Chief Surgeon of the American Expeditionary Forces. A little later Pershing, having observed what his new chief surgeon was accomplishing with the medical organization in France, recommended him for Surgeon-General, when Major-General Gorgas should retire in the fall. In due course the recommendation was adopted.

In France, when General Ireland was placed in charge of the Medical Department of the American Expeditionary Forces, an immense volume of business was flowing up to the central office, much of it life-and-death business. From every side and all the time there were calls on the Chief Surgeon. Quick decisions were imperative. Ireland divided the demands on him into three general classes.

"What's on your mind?" he would ask, if the visitor showed any sign of circumlocution

The business was stated. Then, unless the problem was a special one of commanding importance, one of three answers was forthwith given:

"It can be done."

"It can't be done."

"Come back in a month." Or an earlier date was named if the problem could be solved in a shorter time.

That is how the new Surgeon-General, six feet two and straight as an arrow, works in his corner office in the great building that now houses the Medical Department of the United States Army at Washington.

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Everything You Learn Helps Sometime!

A cartoon by Fontaine Fox

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If it hadn't been for sister's Red Cross training, dad never could have used that little old last year's garden hose at all

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What Kind of a Soldier Are You?

Chapter production—be it surgical dressings, garments, or knitting—rests in the hands of more than ten million women

By Anne Lewis Pierce

DO YOU get what you want when you want it?" said I to the man who directs the production of millions of surgical dressings and garments.

"Do I get it?" he replied, with a neat combination of a groan and a chuckle. "Oh, yes, and sometimes I get ten times 'it.' There is only one trouble about women; they will do twice as much as you ask of them if the job appeals."

"In other words, they work just the way our men fight," I countered. "It is in the blood. One young lieutenant, wounded at Château-Thierry, told me seriously that the boys must learn to be more crafty; that the only thing an American knew how to do was to stick out his chest and go ahead. And this with a long line of machine guns in front of him and German planes overhead"

"It *is* the same spirit," said the man at Headquarters, "and Heaven forbid that we quench it, but we must be able to right about face and double quick in the opposite direction if necessary. The women made as many surgical dressings in one month last year as they did in the whole of the year before—more than 200,000,000 in the year, seven times as large a figure as for any other production It is hardly a fair comparison, though, because they are much more quickly made than garments. You know how you feel when a gathering wave begins to curl over on you while you are in bathing. That is the way Headquarters would have felt had the women kept on producing at that rate."

"Then you are not overstocked with surgical dressings?" I ventured.

"We are not. Don't even ask such a question.

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But we would have been," he said, "if the women had kept on at the rate they were going. Not even the whole American Army, with its collective chests all stuck out and advancing unprotected on a line of machine guns, could have kept pace with the women's production of surgical dressings if we hadn't called on them to slow down and speed up on something else."

"For instance——" I said, encouragingly.

The Director jumped at the opening. "Garments," he said. "No debate on that point, both refugee and hospital garments. The north of France is bleak and raw and cold, a land of destroyed homes. This winter coal may be in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars a ton, and it is hard to imagine having too many garments for refugees or hospitals."

A vision of the million and a half refugees and the thousands of wan, blue-lipped children of France, would surely quicken the fingers of American women

My mind turned back to a magic hour when Mrs. August Belmont had taken me with her, by word of mouth, to Évian and made me see and hear and feel the return of the repatriated French, as they came through the German lines back to the beloved soil of France. Far off you hear them—trainloads of children, their piping voices sounding like the twittering of hundreds of little birds—and as they come nearer you hear the words of their song, the song of homeless, frightened, bewildered little folk—who cry, "*Vive la France.*" Then come the old men and women—a single bundle the sum of their earthly possessions, their bodies and spirits benumbed by petty tyranny and stupendous cruelty. Only happy tears run down the brave, passive faces, and they step reverently on the brown earth and say over and over, "*C'est la France! C'est la France!*"

The hospitals claim some, and others entrain again for Paris. It is here that the Red Cross serves by helping to separate the sick from the well, to care for them, and to furnish them here and in Paris, with these same garments that you are asked to make. It is inconceivable that there should be any lack.

"Aren't these garments fearsome, ugly things?" I asked. "Why black aprons for little children? Why big checked aprons that go around twice, and why clumsy layettes?"

"Nonsense," said Headquarters sternly, "this is no time to impose our styles and ideas on a people rooted in traditions, loving old ways and places, and tortured with violent readjustments as it is. We do not know what it means to cling to customs, to a certain piece of soil and a roof-tree, as do the French—and how would we like to have the costumes of a Normandy peasant sent to us, if we had been driven hither and yon by the Huns for three years?"

As a matter of fact, much time and money have been spent in sending abroad Red Cross workers to determine which models and materials would carry the most comfort and bring the deepest sense of restoration to the destitute. Available materials were taken over to be studied, patterns carefully gone over, and whatever is now asked for is that which will meet best the needs of the refugees.

"We originate no orders," Headquarters went on. "The foreign commissions cable us an order, and we set the machinery in motion to fill it. We put into the letters of instructions all the reasons for changes in directions and policies. We ourselves may not understand them all but we just 'follow through.'"

It is team work that counts. When the influenza epidemic started, an emergency call reached Washington one morning before ten o'clock for 2,000 pairs of pajamas. By eleven o'clock a conversation over the long distance wire had disclosed the fact that Philadelphia could furnish them, and a Federal Express Special delivered them in Boston the next morning. Interurban shopping by long distance for two thousand garments, with delivery inside of twenty-four hours, is quite amazing!

When the Central Division called on Washington for 20,000 influenza masks on September 28, the Northern Division supplied 5,000 the same day and the balance within the week. By the way thousands of these masks were made as a small side issue in chapter production, and it wasn't a job that one could loiter over.

Out of this contemplation I turned humbly to the Big Official and asked: "Is there any especially huge, humdrum, and undramatic job that is crying to be done? I am sure the women will do it if they get the spirit of the task."

"There is," he said, timorously. "Would you mind breaking it to them? The Army has sent us a little mending basket with a million pairs of socks in it, not to mention half a million other garments that need attention."

Mending two million stockings! We might have known that would be one of the jobs for the Greatest Mother in the World. And isn't mending clothes for healthy boys a happier thing than making surgical dressings, however white and interesting they may be, for wounded bodies?

So it is off with the cover of the sewing machine, and out with the mending basket and the knitting bag (for we have wool enough to last till the end of January at least)! And blessedly grateful we should be that the demand for surgical dressings is probably at an end.

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"It has been a hard pull on heart strings—that separation of thousands of miles and the tender cords have become tangled and strained. But they have been kept working by the Red Cross"

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Keeping the Home Lines Clear

By Frazier Hunt

Illustrations by Paul Meylan

IT HAS been a long way from the boys in the trenches and hospitals in France to their mothers back home—three, four, five thousand miles. It has been a hard pull on heart strings, and these tender cords have become tangled and snarled and strained. But they have been kept working, for the Red Cross became a "linesman" whose work it was to keep in repair these "wires" that stretched from one end of the world to the other.

Standing on the fire-step of a trench at night, looking into the uncertainties of No Man's Land, a soldier broods and frets over the Things That Might Be. A few weeks before he was sent to this new division and there have been no letters or news from home. When he had last heard, almost two months before, there had been some little trouble about his allotment; and as there was a very tiny baby and a frail mother his mind had been upset over the possible hardships that might be facing them. Somewhere he hears that the Red Cross has a Home Service Bureau, so he writes a note to the Headquarters at Paris, stating the facts and his fears.

That night a cable ticks its way across the Atlantic to the Home Service Bureau in Washington, requesting that the case be investigated at once. The next day a wire is sent from Washington to the Red Cross chapter in the boy's home town. That same afternoon a home worker starts out on the investigation and the following day wires her findings to Washington. Two days later this cable reaches Paris:

Advise Private Tom Jones, Company C, —Infantry, home allotment received. Mother, baby well. Letters received regularly. Red Cross standing by.

The same day a wire leaves Paris; and that night, when Private Jones took up his long vigil, there was no black weight crushing his heart and spirits. He was a new soldier; he was happy.

"I can fight now—the Red Cross is looking after my baby," he said, with tears in his eyes. And some Red Cross linesman had fixed up the heart cords that stretched across the world.

Queer twists and odd endings these heart cords have had. Mostly they lead to mothers and wives, but often sweethearts are waiting at the other end. Then, too, there are children. One pitiful appeal from a soldier asked for help in securing information about his seven-year old daughter. The mother was dead and the child had been placed in a paid home. When the father had come to France somehow the heart cords had been broken; he had spent weeks of brooding and intense worry and then finally had appealed to the Red Cross.

"Please, if you can, find out these things about my little girl for me," he wrote. Then had come a list of questions, numbered and written straight from the heart of a lonesome, homesick soldier.

"Has she started to school and what school does she attend?" was one of the questions. Then, "Is there anything that she needs?" And last there was this: "What sort of clothes and toys would she like me to send her from France?"

It is a little thing—this request to be told the kind of toys that a child would like her soldier father to send her—but it is the song that is sung on heart cords. So the Great Mother, the Red Cross, put her kindly arm about this little motherless girl, and a soldier, who was fighting in the mud of trenches, soon knew all about his daughter.

But these are calls that have come from France; after all, it has been the mothers and wives back home, torn by all the black fear of the far-away Unknown, who have had the harder burden to bear. Youth fights while women and old age have stayed at home and prayed. Youth, the soldier, has had his work cut out for him, mothers have faced long days of doubt and questioning. To them France was another world with only their heart strings to connect it with their world—and with the Red Cross to keep these lines open

So to do this the Home Communication Section was organized to be the liaison and the linesman between the mother and her soldier son.

A mother, let us say, received a wire from the War Department notifying her of the injury of her son. She had no idea what hospital he was in, even what part of France, and the brief army cable was all that she could learn of his condition. Through her own local organization she wired the Red Cross at Washington, and the request for

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information regarding the condition of Corporal John Smith was cabled to Paris.

The first thing, of course, was to locate John Smith, which was done through an organization of "searchers," who were the real Red Cross "linesmen." Each division of troops in the field had a searcher, a man attached to the unit. Then each evacuating hospital had its representative, and lastly each base hospital had a woman searcher.

At the Home Communication Bureau in Paris the name of Corporal John Smith was at once placed on a list of injured soldiers concerning whom information had been requested; lists of this description were mailed daily to all the searchers in the field and in the evacuating and base hospitals, and copies were sent to the hospitals in England.

On this daily list, along with Corporal Smith, there would be from twenty-five to one hundred other names. When the searcher in the base hospital received her list, she first of all checked it over with the hospital entrance lists. Quite possibly Corporal Smith might be located at once and, if so, she looked him up and wired a report of his general condition to Paris, where it was cabled on to Washington, and from there to the parent. Then this searcher made friends with Corporal Smith and looked after him, and would write letters for him if he was unable to do so. At least she would write directly to the boy's mother and tell her all about his condition. It would be a cheery word, and to that mother thousands of miles away it would be a priceless word.

Possibly the boy was making the supreme sacrifice, and then there were precious little notes of good-bye to be written. There were many other ways to make this great start into the Unknown a little easier for the boy.

Searchers who have been in different hospitals say that it is to his mother that the American soldier always turns. The British Tommy writes first to his sweetheart; the French poilu, being older and married, writes to his wife; but the American soldier thinks only of his mother.

"The mother was dead and the child had been placed in a paid home"

Brave little good-bye notes they have been, too.

They want the last line to be a happy one, so they dictate slowly and with many pauses. One boy had this real note written for him:

DEAR MOTHER:

I have been worried as to whether or not you know that I have been injured. It is only a slight wound and I will soon be all right.

I am coming along wonderfully and there isn't a thing for you to worry about, Mother. I have been receiving communion every day and to-day the priest gave me extreme unction.

Tell Daddy that it won't be long before his baby boy will be with him once again.

I will close now, with love and kisses to all. I love you, Mama, and you mustn't worry about me.

Your loving son

Three hours later this boy, who had tried so hard to be cheery in his last words to his mother, closed his eyes and never opened them again. Two days afterward the searcher wrote a long letter to the heart-broken mother:

Your boy put up such a good fight and was so cheerful and patient that everyone about the hospital grew very fond of him. His nurse told me that he was always urging her not to do so much for him, and he even insisted on eating his breakfast all by himself the last day, although he was so weak he could hardly hold the spoon.

All the boys in the ward loved him. He used to call each one "Buddy." They used to help move him and take care of him, and his death was a real grief to all of them.

A Catholic priest buried him this afternoon in the beautiful little hospital cemetery. A detachment from the Hospital Corps, several of the nurses, myself, and a great number of his friends among the patients were present. I enclose a small spray of lilacs which I took from the great bouquet that rested on his flag-covered coffin, and I hope it may carry to you some of the consolation which comes from knowing that whatever science, care, and skill could do for your son was done, and that he was laid to rest with loving, reli-

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gious care. Soon we will send you a picture of the grave, so that you may see the beautiful spot where your hero son sleeps.

As things go in the big world, possibly letters like these mean little, but to a mother nothing will ever be so priceless. And hundreds of such words have been sent along the heart lines connecting France to America.

In the busy, efficient office of the Home Communication Bureau in Paris, they have classified requests from America in four different divisions. (All the requests from soldiers in France have been handled by the Home Service Section of the Home and Hospital Bureau.) First, there is the Welfare Inquiry: second, Hospital Inquiry: third, Missing Inquiry: fourth, Killed in Action Inquiry. To go through the files of the thousands of cases that have been handled is like reading plots for endless stories. Every Missing Inquiry is a romance—or a detective story.

Not only have the searchers investigated special requests for information regarding soldiers reported missing, but they have been constantly at work on the names printed in a confidential list of missing sent out by the army authorities in France. On this missing list, let us say, is the name of a soldier from Co. B. 427th Infantry. In one of the wards of her hospital, the seacher discovers a soldier from the same company and regiment and immediately asks him what he knows about the soldier reported missing.

At one of the great base hospitals there is the story of how a searcher found out about the gallant death of a young lieutenant of Marines. The officer's name had been printed on a list of dead about whom there was a question; and going into a ward where there were a number of Marines, this searcher asked if any one knew Lieutenant Howard, or had been with him before the attack, or had heard of his whereabout since.

A boy lying in a cot in a far corner raised himself on his elbow and answered: "I should say I do know him. He's the bravest officer in the world. . . . I was in his platoon. We were raiding some machine-gun nests when we were cut off by a heavy barrage. Just as we started back I was hit in the shoulder and through the hip with machine-gun bullets. I was in the rear and no one noticed me fall. . . . Well, they went back through the barrage and then this kid "lute" saw I was missing. So he came back through that barrage, picked me up, and started back again. . . . The next thing I knew I was in a first-aid dressing station with about a dozen shrapnel wounds: I've never been able to find out what became of my lieutenant: he must have been hit by that same shell. . . . Say, he was the gamest kid in the world!"

"Well, he was killed there."

"My God! Killed savin' a guy like me. Think of it!" The boy with the dozen shrapnel wounds tried to say more, but couldn't.

That night a Red Cross woman sent a long letter to a mother in America. It told of a son who had gone to his death trying to rescue a fallen comrade—a letter that would soften grief and be a great pride to one whose last word had come over the heart strings stretching to America from France.

"So he came back through that barrage, picked me up, and started back again"

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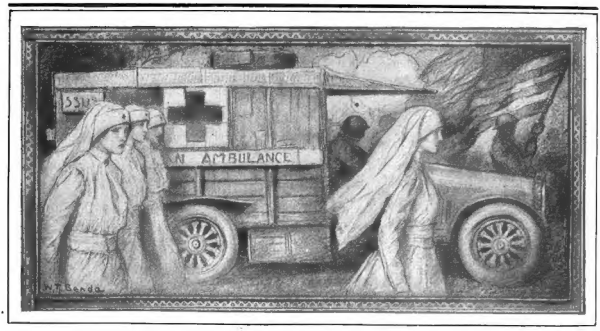

The March of the Red Cross

BECAUSE so much of the Red Cross work in Europe has been set forth in the stories of the various commissioners in this number, the "March", which is planned to bring the readers in touch with the progress of the work of the Red Cross, has been materially condensed.

APPOINTMENT of a Red Cross Commission to the Balkans, headed by Henry N. Anderson, formerly chief of the Mission to Rumania, is the outstanding step toward the extension of foreign relief work. This Commission assumes jurisdiction over other groups heretofore sent to the Balkan region.

Since Bulgaria's collapse, a field of human misery hardly equalled even in Northern France or Belgium has opened to our view in South Europe devastated by Teuton armies. The rehabilitation of Serbia alone is the task of a century—a people almost annihilated, the survivors weakened by starvation and disease, their homes gone, their industries and trades crippled or vanished. Montenegro and Greece, whose relief is included in the Balkan plan, have also suffered much. And now enter into the reach of our help the subject races of the Turkish Empire, and those one-time Austrian subjects who have always been the friends of the Allies but have been under Teuton duress.

The range of assistance south of the Danube and in Armenia is limited only by the resources available. Already a programme is under way for teaching scientific agriculture to the youth of the war-wrecked countries. Even when the immediate requirements of food, shelter and medicines shall have been supplied, outside help will be needed through decades of slow reconstruction.

In Russia, Siberia, and Palestine

MEANWHILE the American Red Cross workers in north Russia and Siberia have kept up their relief operations. A recent investigating party from Archangel to isolated towns along the coast of the White Sea succored starving, scurvy-ridden people who had been without flour or sugar for two years, and distributed a hundred tons of food, medicines, and other supplies. In Siberia a steady flow of warm clothing

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from the Red Cross enabled the Czechoslovak forces to get through the emergency period that elapsed while government arrangements were being made to supply their needs permanently. For general relief work in Siberia between October 1 and December 31 the American Red Cross appropriation is $415,000. Undertakings of the Commission headed by Dr. Rudolph B. Teusler have included equipment of a hospital on Russian Island in Vladivostok harbor, hospitals and rolling canteens and stationary canteens along the Trans-Siberian Railway for Czechoslovak soldiers, the operation of sanitary trains and field units, and the relief of refugee women and children.

Probably the most pitiful of all refugees were 1,055 Serbians and Montenegrins who arrived at Harbin after having spent many months traveling from Odessa, part of the way on foot or herded in freight cars, always famished and without adequate clothing. At Harbin they were found locked in cars on a railroad siding, where they would have frozen to death but for the Red Cross. They had had no bread for four days, no meat or vegetables for a fortnight. The children were barefoot. Many of the women wore light summer dresses. In the eight months of wandering 140 children and 50 adults died of starvation and exposure.

For relief in Palestine the amount appropriated to December 31 is $470,000, comprising $320,000 for industrial and social work, $100,000 for general relief, and $50,000 for the medical department. The scope of the Commission, headed by Dr. John H. Finley, was extended late in October to cover the Near East, including Palestine, Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor. The suffering brought upon the Hold Land by war is shown by the fact that a third of the population of Lebanon died of hunger and disease. Epidemics have raged unchecked. Villages are depopulated and in ruins. Tens of thousands of people were in dire need until relief came in the wake of the British victories. In a single month the Red Cross cared for 10,000 sick civilians and thousands of Armenian refugees.

Relief at Home

WHERE the war is only a distant echo, the Red Cross has been ready, and will always be ready, to do its part. The recent forest fires in Minnesota and Wisconsin left a trail of ruin, suffering, and death. All the Red Cross machinery in that region was put into action to find shelter and food for the refugees, and to provide hospital facilities for the injured. The Motor Corps combed the burned territory in search of the helpless and disabled. Local committees, with the divisional organization behind them, transformed churches, armories, courthouses—all available public buildings—into refuges, and set up canteens for serving hot meals as fast as the rescue parties came in. Similar relief marked the explosion of the great munition plant in New Jersey. And down on the Island of Porto Rico, when a series of earthquakes threw 15,000 homeless persons into the arms of the Red Cross, prompt succor was forthcoming through the Fourteenth Division, whose membership consists of Americans living in foreign countries—China, Japan, Scandinavia, Spain, everywhere outside the United States. Last winter a field representative of the American Red Cross accomplished such notable results in consolidating the work of the Fourteenth Division in the Orient that Dr. Frank M. Chapman is on a similar journey through South America and the West Indies.

The Christmas Roll Call

TO INSURE the continuance of the Red Cross work at home and abroad, an appeal for the unanimous backing of the nation was announced early in the fall, and the week of December 16 to 23 was set for the Christmas Roll Call. "Make it unanimous!" has been the slogan adopted.

It seems hardly necessary to tell the people of the United States that their united support is needed for the organization which has been representing them in looking after their fighting men overseas and the families left by those fighting men here at home. But no chance has been taken that anybody in this broad land would forget the Roll Call. A special bureau was organized months ago at Washington headquarters to sound the appeal through every known channel—the theatres, the newspapers and magazines, the labor unions, and social associations—and through a systematic personal canvass among all elements in urban and rural population.

Following are excerpts from the message sent by the Red Cross War Council through its Chairman, Henry P. Davison, to all the 3,854 chapters on the date of their recent annual meetings:

"During the eighteen months which have elapsed since the United States entered the war, the American people will have either paid in or pledged to the American Red Cross for its work of relief throughout the world, in money or in material values, a net total of at least $325,000,000.

"This outpouring of generosity in material things has been accompanied by a spontaneity in the giving, by an enthusiasm and devotion,

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Refugee children from Nancy playing in front of a hotel in Dinard, where the Red Cross maintains 500 little boys and girls from the devastated districts

which are greater and bigger than anything that can be measured in terms of time or dollars. . . .

"By the first of January, your Red Cross will have working in France upwards of 5,000 Americans—a vivid contrast to the little group of eighteen men and women which, as the first Red Cross Commission to France, sailed about June 1, 1917, to initiate our efforts in Europe. . . .

"What the Red Cross may be called upon to do with the coming of victory, peace and reconstruction, it would be idle to attempt to prophesy.

"But your great organization, in very truth, 'the mobilized heart and spirit of the whole American people,' has shown itself equal to any call, ready to respond to any emergency.

"The American Red Cross has become not so much an organization as a great movement, seeking to embody in organized form the spirit of service, the spirit of sacrifice—in short, all that is best and highest in the ideals and aspirations of our country. . . .

"At Christmas time we ask the whole American people to answer the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call. . . . It is the hope of the War Council that this Christmas Roll Call shall constitute a reconsecration of the whole American people, an inspiring reassertion to mankind that in this hour of world tragedy, not to conquer but to serve is America's supreme aim."

A Change in Organization

A CHANGE of organization in the American Red Cross foreign management followed the resignation of Major James H. Perkins, Commissioner for Europe. He had been, with Major Grayson M.-P. Murphy, a pioneer in the European problems, and his labors were untiring until the end of October, when he accepted a staff appointment with the American Expeditionary Forces. The position of Commissioner for Europe terminated with his withdrawal, and it was decided that the duties of the office should be performed in future by a special commission composed of Lieut.-Col. Harvey D. Gibson, Commissioner for France; Major William Endicott, Commissioner for Great Britain; Lieut.-Col. Robert P. Perkins, Commissioner for Italy; J. B. Dimmick, Commissioner for Switzerland; and Major Ralph J. Preston, Deputy Commissioner for Europe.

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